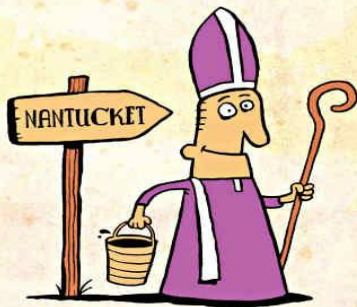


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GREAT
AUSTRALIAN
BOOK OF
LIMERICKS



JIM HAYNES

**the GREAT
AUSTRALIAN
BOOK of
LIMERICKS**

JIM HAYNES



ALLEN & UNWIN

Here are limericks of
every kind.

In browsing you'll
probably find
Clean ones and lewd ones,
Disgustingly crude ones
And others that just came
to mind.

Limericks are jovial things
... A “yea-saying” to life
in a world grown grey.
That alone justifies their

existence.

—*Norman Douglas (1868-1952)*



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INTRODUCTION



Everyone knows at least one limerick. The measured beat of the limerick is somehow indelibly imprinted in every English speaker's psyche. Come to think of it, many people for whom English is a second language still know a limerick or two. My mate Michel Rose, who hails from Mauritius, assures me he only knows one poem in any language, this

limerick:

There once was a man from
Bombay,
On a slow boat to China one day,
Got stuck at the tiller
With a lovesick gorilla
And China's a bloody long way!

This project began in 2000 as a collection of limericks about Australia's placenames. Then it became a more ambitious project, a compendium of limericks. This meant that I had to include limericks of all kinds (I hope the category headings are sufficient warning

to the faint-hearted). In 2010 it was revised as an even more comprehensive and inclusive collection of limericks of every type.

The limerick is surely the most versatile and adaptable form of verse ever concocted; there is a limerick for every occasion and an occasion for every limerick. They fall into several categories.

There are those limericks we recite to children, often of the nonsense variety, such as Edward Lear's famous:

There once was a man with a beard
Who said, 'It is just as I feared,
Two owls and a hen,

Four larks and a wren,
Have all built their nests in my
beard!’

Or the tongue-twister type, such as:

A fly and a flea in a flue
Were wondering just what to do.
Said the fly, ‘Let us flee,’
Said the flea, ‘Let us fly.’
So they flew through a flaw in the
flue.

This happens to be the first limerick I
can remember hearing, told to me by my
mother at some very tender age. I recall

not knowing what a ‘flue’ was at the time. This is also technically not a limerick as the third and fourth lines don’t rhyme, although they do preserve the double meanings of ‘fly’ and ‘flea’.

These last two limericks also repeat the word from the end of line 1 at the end of line 5, a practice I consider cheating. For this reason I have never been a big fan of the limericks of Edward Lear.

There are also the limericks we use to celebrate various places, although the bulk of these are merely an excuse to be silly or vulgar. None of them contain any accurate information about the place.

There was an old woman of Crete
Who was so exceedingly neat
That she stood on her head
When she got out of bed
To keep from soiling her feet.

Similarly, many limericks choose famous people or historic events as their starting point:

There once was a monarch named
Ed
Who took Mrs Simpson to bed.
As they bounced up and down,
He said, ‘Bugger the crown,
Give the thing to my brother

instead!’

For that one I am indebted to Col ‘Blue the Shearer’ Wilson, who claims it’s the first poem he ever heard.

There are many limericks written as social commentary on current issues, often by those involved in those issues, such as this one by Alan Coates, Professor of Public Health at the University of Sydney:

The tobacco-stained rulers of sport,
Now defending their sponsorship
rort,
Might more freely concede

The demise of the weed
If their consciences hadn't been
bought.

Sometimes the 'comment' is more
general and anonymous, like this one
from an unnamed art critic:

There once was a sculptor of mark
Whom they chose to brighten Hyde
Park.

Some thought his design
Was remarkably fine,
But most liked it best in the dark.

And of course there are the limericks we

use simply to demonstrate the vagaries and eccentricities of the English language, as well as the writer's inventiveness:

A tooter who tooted the flute
Tried to tutor two tooters to toot.
Said the two to the tutor,
‘Is it harder to toot or
To tutor two tooters to toot?’

It's obvious that the limerick is probably the least serious of verse forms; the common theme is a desire on the writer's part to demonstrate cleverness with words. Mental and verbal dexterity,

along with a childish desire to be stupid, actually provide the only real *raisons d'être* for the vast majority of limericks.

There are perhaps only two categories of limerick that provide exceptions to this rule. The first of these is the category of personal limericks: limericks created about a particular friend or to celebrate personal or family events. One of my favourites in this category is the one written by Oliver Wendell Holmes about his dear friend the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher:

The Reverend Henry Ward Beecher
Called a hen a most elegant
creature.

The hen, pleased with that,
Laid an egg in his hat,
And thus did the ‘Hen reWard
Beecher’.

These limericks are often written on gift cards or recited at birthdays, anniversaries or, like this one, inscribed in an atlas given as a gift:

The modern young lady, perhaps,
To avoid geographical lapse
And concomitant strife
In the journey of life
Should study these excellent maps.

This was written, in inimitable style, by Professor Alan Coates, who also came up with this to inscribe in a hymn book:

When you feel that high G's remote
From the reach of an alto-sized
throat,

 You have only to look
 In this harmony book
To select a more comfortable note.

On a less genteel note in this category, here's one I wrote especially for the late Stuie McInnes, a broadcaster known as The Round Mound of Sound, and a man who liked a bet:

In the Pub Tab looking for winners,
I bumped into Stuie McInnes,
And I'm telling you
That's easy to do.
There's a feller who oughta drink
thinners.

Then there is the category containing
limericks that, while hopefully still
clever and witty, really have no other
purpose except to be risqué, vulgar or
even downright crude or disgusting.
Limericks at the mild end of this scale
are probably enjoyed, in moderation, by
the bulk of the population.

When Mabel, accoutred in sable,
Disports herself up on the table,
Her ultimate fling,
Reveals everything,
Including the furrier's label.

At the other end of the scale in this broad category are the limericks much beloved of rugby clubs and teenage boys of all ages. American humourist Don Marquis, creator of the famous 'Archy and Mehitabel' dialogues, once said that there were three types of limericks: limericks to be told when ladies were present, limericks to be told when ladies were absent but clergymen were present ... and *limericks*.

The limericks written and collected for this book come from all these categories but not from the ‘personal and family’ type, for obvious reasons.

The original purpose of this collection was to produce a body of Aussie limericks. As the placename has always been a big part of the limerick tradition, and as Australia has the best placenames you’ll find anywhere in the world, this seemed a good idea to me.

There’s *Cowpastures* and places
like that,

There’s an *Eagle Farm* and a
Wombat,

There’s a *Buffalo Range*,

All animals strange
That would knock a poor *Kangaroo*
Flat.

The limerick's snappy form is also perfect for irreverent and lighthearted comments on our history and famous figures.

There once was a captain named
Cook
Sailed south just to have a quick
look.

There he found a land,
Stuck a flag in the sand,
And that's how native title got took.

This book contains several hundred original limericks and several hundred more which have been collected from many sources, friends and acquaintances. Quite a lot came from the deep dark corners of my memory where useless information is stored, those corners making up about 95 percent of my brain.

Jim Haynes
November 2010



THE LIMERICK
A Brief, Inaccurate
History

‘Almost nothing that has
been written about the
limerick can be taken
seriously.’

—*Gershon Legman, 1964*



Aristophanes has been claimed as the first limerick writer, around 400 BC. Evidently a speech towards the end of his comic play *The Frogs* is in what can be interpreted as the ‘limerick form’ of rhythm and rhyme in ancient Greek.

One expert says, ‘If you please,
I think Old Aristophanes
First mastered the trick
Of the true limerick.’
But not every expert agrees.

In English the limerick has been linked to the oldest known popular song in the language, ‘Sumer is icumin in’, around

1300 AD. A typical stanza (roughly updated) is:

Ewe bleats after lamb,
Lows after calf the coo, [cow]
 Bullock starts,
 Buck farts,
Merry sings cuckoo.

To my mind, although many limerick elements are present in verses like this — the short five-line form, some of the rhyme scheme, and some nice earthy ideas — there are some essential elements missing, the main one being that the first line doesn't rhyme with

anything.

So could the limerick's origin
Be in 'Sumer is icumin in',
Although, at this time,
There was simply no rhyme
Where the very first rhyme should
begin?

Also the metre is not that of the classic limerick form that we know.

The classic metre of the limerick involves either the anapestic foot (*di-di-DUM*) or the amphibrachic foot (*di-DUM-di*). The early 'pre-limerick' examples, from the Elizabethan and

Jacobean periods, are mostly written in iambic metre (*di-DUM*) which was the metre of Shakespeare and is the metre which most closely approximates normal English speech, even today. Part of the charm of the classic limerick form is its use of the ‘rinky-dink’ three-beat metrical foot, which adds to the lightheartedness and humour and is not commonly found sustained for so long in normal speech.

So, the early poems which have a ‘limerick-type’ form mostly use iambic metre and lack a rhyming first line. This is the case with all the so-called ‘limerick-like poems’ of the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, including those sometimes quoted from

the popular genre of songs and poems known as ‘Tom O’Bedlam’. These were part of the repertoire of the ‘mad wandering minstrels’ or ‘mumpers’ who were a colourful feature of British community life after the dissolution of the abbeys and monasteries by Henry VIII. Once these ‘almonries’ — refuges for the poor and insane — were closed, the tradition of wandering beggars (‘Poor Toms’ or ‘Tom O’Bedlam’) lasted for several centuries.

There is also a poem written in a quasi-limerick style criticising Mary Queen of Scots, and credited to Queen Elizabeth I, which is lacking a rhyme at the end of what would be the first line in a true limerick form:

The daughter of debate that
eke discord doth sow,
Hath reaped no gain where
former rule hath taught still
peace to grow.

This verse has also been transcribed by
W.S. Baring-Gould (with limerick
structure added) as:

The daughter of debate
Who discord aye doth sow,
Hath reaped no gain
Where former reign
Hath taught still peace to grow.

As well as the lack of a rhyme at the end of the first line, the scansion and measure of these ‘pre-limericks’ is not that of a modern limerick. It more often takes the form of a structure known as ‘Poulter’s measure’, which was, according to *The Oxford Companion to English Literature* (second edition), ‘a fanciful name for a metre consisting of lines of twelve and fourteen syllables alternately’. Queen Elizabeth’s piece of verse is perfect Poulter’s measure if you consider it as two lines rhyming ‘sow’ and ‘grow’.

In the modern limerick, lines 1, 2 and 5 usually have nine beats, while lines 3 and 4 have six. This is often varied to ten for line 5 and five for line

3, but either way it is a long way from Poulter's measure, being at least twelve beats longer overall. The metre in Poulter's measure is usually iambic (*di-DUM*) rather than anapestic (*di-di-DUM*) or amphibrachic (*di-DUM-di*) in the classic limerick. Also, the extra internal rhyme was, of course, irrelevant to Poulter's measure, simply a matter of choice, but it is essential to a limerick.

So, there are a lot of 'almost limericks' before the seventeenth century — close, but no cigar at this stage, methinks.

All right then, where does the first 'real' limerick appear? I bet you won't be a bit surprised when I tell you that we get very close in the writings of

Shakespeare, actually in *Othello*, act II, when Cassio sings a drunken song:

And let me the canakin clink, clink;
And let me the canakin clink:
 A soldier's a man;
 O, man's life's but a span;
Why, then, let a soldier drink.

Shakespeare was obviously well acquainted with the limericklike stanza form of 'Tom O'Bedlam' because in *King Lear*, written about the same time as *Othello*, he has Edgar, disguised as Tom O'Bedlam, chanting a spell in the same style.

Swithold footed thrice the old:
He met the nightmare and her nine-
fold;

Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

Which isn't quite a limerick because of its scansion and the last line not rhyming. This is a shame, really, because there would have been a lovely synchronicity about the name 'Lear'. If the first true limerick had been in *King Lear*, it would have been even more appropriate that a writer named Lear would be dubbed 'the poet laureate of the limerick' some three hundred years later.

Shakespeare also used something approaching the limerick form in songs in *Hamlet* and *The Tempest*. However, the important thing about Cassio's song in *Othello* is that the first line rhymes with the second and fifth, although Shakespeare does cheat and use the same word for the first rhyme and the fourth line scansion is not right for a true limerick. Cassio's song does, however, have an appropriate subject for a limerick — alcohol.

Happily the 'almost-limerick' form was also used not long afterwards to praise and, conversely, decry the use of another European 'drug of choice', tobacco. Few people know that the anti-smoking lobby found a voice as early as

1568, or indeed perhaps earlier (I say earlier because the author to whom this poem is credited died that year).

The Indian weed, withered quite,
Green at morn, cut down at night,
Shows thy decay,
All flesh is hay:
Thus think, then drink tobacco.

Gershon Legman, citing Braithwaite's *Book of Elizabethan Verse* (1908), quite rightly notes the 'almost-limerick' form used in this poem, first published in 1626, long after its author, protestant clergyman and anti-smoking lobbyist

Robert Wisdome, had passed on to the great ‘no smoking’ room in the sky. As can be seen elsewhere in this volume, Professor Coates was still using the limerick to combat tobacco in 2001.

The next example, this time in praise of the ‘Indian weed’, comes as a song, printed in 1606 in the no doubt extremely popular publication in its day, *A Book of Madrigals for Viols and Voices*:

O metaphysical tobacco,
Fetched from as far as from
Morocco,

Thy searching fume
Exhales the rheum,

O metaphysical tobacco.

Not only are the author's grasp of geography and knowledge of tobacco's origins rather wobbly, he was obviously smoking a very different leaf to the one I used to puff on before I was warned off by the doctor.

Dramatist Barten Holyday (or Holiday) was again praising the noxious weed in verse, with lots of musical puns, in 1618:

Tobacco's a magician
And in a Pipe delighteth;
It descends in a Close

Through the Organ of the nose
With a Rellish that inviteth.

Unfortunately Holyday's praise of tobacco upset King James, another member of the anti-smoking lobby, and caused him to fall out of favour at court.

Four years before Holyday's tobacco poem, William Browne, a contemporary of Jonson and Spenser, produced a limerick-style drinking song, complete with singalong chorus, which gives us the first known example of anapestic rhythm in the couplet (lines 3 and 4):

Shear sheep that have them, cry we

still,
But see that no man 'scape
 To drink of the sherry,
 That makes us so merry,
And plump as the lusty grape.

Still no rhyme for the first line, however, until Browne's colleague Ben Jonson used the same form, minus the anapestic metre, in a love song which was part of a play written for the king in 1621:

The faerie beam upon you,
And stars to glister on you,
 A moon of light
 In the noon of night

Till the firedrake hath o're gone
you.

As Gershon Legman points out, it is not only the *di-di-DUM* of anapestic metre that is missing here; the serious topic of love seems somehow inappropriate for the emerging limerick form.

The same applies to a verse written slightly later by Jonson's protégé, poet and clergyman Robert Herrick (1591-1674), which is sometimes quoted as the first limerick but also features the atypical limerick subjects of love and fairies.

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,

The shooting stars attend thee:
And the elves also
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend
thee.

Purists are still not satisfied with any of these as the first 'true' limerick. Most are still a few beats short (one or two in each line) and not in anapestic or amphibrachic metre, but some are getting very close and are more like a limerick than not like a limerick, I would have thought.

Perhaps the first real limerick may be a verse about fairies, written by a clergyman, and full of decency and

goodwill. Well, I am glad to inform you that Herrick did also write quite a lot of very risqué and bawdy poetry, although not in a limerick form.

I do hate to break the sad news,
Herrick's is not one I'd choose.

For tho' there's a skerrick
Of evil in Herrick
I prefer Shakespeare's one about
booze!

Over the next two centuries the limerick settled into its traditional form and was used mostly for verses about boozing and other crude, misogynistic, sexual,

politically incorrect and morally reprehensible subjects. At first the most common topic was drinking, but sex soon outstripped it in popularity.

As we have seen from examples in Shakespeare and from Browne's 1618 song, the tradition of singing drinking songs with a chorus has been around at least since Elizabethan and

Jacobean times. Around the middle of the eighteenth century the tradition of singing limericks with a chorus evidently grew in popularity in Ireland. Veterans of the Irish Brigade (who fought for France in various campaigns before returning home) are said to have started this activity and it spread from the mess halls to community gatherings

where all were invited to sing a verse they knew, or had just composed for the occasion, in the form of a limerick. The chorus was then sung by everyone, and one of the most popular was:

Oh will you come up, come up,
Oh will you come up, I say,
Oh will you come up, all the way
up,
All the way up to Limerick?

This concept eventually spread to the music hall where performers would take turns to deliver a limerick in song form while the other performers and audience sang the refrain.

That was a wonderful song, [or
‘louverly song’]
Sing us another one,
Just like the other one,
Sing us another one, do!

The point of historic interest to us here is that one of the most popular refrains in the music halls around 1860 to 1880 was ‘Botany Bay’, giving Australia a tenuous connection to the bawdy limerick tradition. The ‘Botany Bay’ chorus can easily been seen as *double entendre*:

Come all you fair dukies and
duchesses,

Take warning from what I've to say.
Make sure as you own all you
touchesses,
Or you'll join us in Botany Bay.

Sadly, although most Australians probably believe otherwise, the song 'Botany Bay' has no real or historic connection with Australia at all. It was an entirely British popular song which merely used 'Botany Bay' in the sense of 'a British place of banishment'.

The tradition of singing a chorus in between limericks, and everyone in the group contributing, continued right up until recent times and was much practised on rugby club coach trips and

other occasions when I was somewhat younger. Evidently the most common chorus in English speaking nations in the twentieth century had become:

That was a helluva rhyme,
Sing us another,ee,
Just like the other,ee,
Sing us another,ee, do!

But I remember it from my rugby days as:

That was a bloody good rhyme,
Tell us another,ee
Dirty as buggery,

Tell us another, do!

There were obviously many variants and it seems our American cousins introduced a different melody and words inspired by the Mexican tune 'Cielito Lindo':

Aye aye aye aye,

In China they never eat chilli.

Here comes another verse,

Worse than the other verse,

Waltz me around again, Willie!

Which we certainly used at my rugby club for variety at times, altered to:

Aye aye aye aye,
In China they do it for chilli.
Tell us anotheree
Dirty as buggery,
Tell us anotheree do!

Very original and varied, you see; or:

Aye aye aye aye,
Nice new sombrero [or ‘Si, si,
señora’]
My sister Belinda
She pissed out the winder,
Right inter my blue sombrero! [or
‘All over my blue sombrero’]

While these limerick traditions of bawdiness and singing have carried on unbroken till today, other developments in the mid-nineteenth and early twentieth centuries took limericks to much wider audiences.

Firstly, efforts were made to clean up the limerick and make it an entertainment for children. This development was mainly due to Edward Lear, the highly regarded Victorian artist and writer of nonsense verse. He began including limericks in his books of nonsense for children from 1846 and popularised the form as children's entertainment. He was so prolific and successful in his endeavours that many people think he actually invented the

limerick. He certainly didn't, not even as children's entertainment.

In fact the first real limerick for children appeared in printed form almost exactly a century earlier, circa 1744, as a nursery rhyme in *Tommy Thumb's Pretty Song Book*. It is, of course:

Hickory, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock.
The clock struck one,
The mouse ran down,
Hickory, dickory, dock.

Or, as printed in *Tommy Thumb's Pretty Song Book*, 'Hickere, Dickere, Dock'.

When London bookseller John Newbery published the first *Mother Goose's Melody* collection of children's rhymes and songs in English some twenty years later (circa 1765), it appeared as 'Dickery, Dickery, Dock' and was thus much more like a French version of the time:

Digerie, digerie, doge.

La souris ascend l'horloge.

L'horloge frappe.

La souris s'échappe,

Digerie, digerie, doge.

It was also a popular children's counting

song in the south of Scotland in the eighteenth century, used to determine who had the first turn at games and based on Westmoreland shepherds' telling-numbers (as in 'hevera, devera, dick' — or 'eight, nine, ten' — used when counting sheep aloud and quite appropriate to a clock face, of course). The French and Scottish versions being similar makes good historical sense in light of those two nations' alliances and cultural ties prior to this time.

Offhand I can think of no other nursery rhymes that take the limerick form, but there may well be more.

There is quite a lot of evidence that the limerick was known in France around this time and even earlier.

Indeed, the Irish regiments already mentioned as having started the tradition of singing limericks in English did so on their return from France where they had been fighting for Louis XIV. These were the remnants of the Irish Brigade who had fought for King James II and left for France after the surrender of Limerick Castle to William of Orange in 1691.

Some of these regiments remained in France fighting for the French crown for almost a century and are said to have returned home bringing with them the custom of singing limericks. Veterans returning to Limerick carried on the practice there, as previously explained, which, according to some, led to the limerick being given its English name.

So there is a case for the limerick as a French invention. *Sacré bleu!*

Anyway, back to Edward Lear and 1846. His limericks irritate me because he always used the same word to rhyme in lines 1 and 5, a practice he seems to have copied from the collections of the 1820s which inspired him. But he did make the limerick so ‘acceptable’ and popular that he is sometimes called ‘the father of the limerick’ or ‘the poet laureate of the limerick’. Here’s one of his:

There was a young lady of Norway
Who casually sat in a doorway.
When the door squeezed her

flat

She exclaimed, ‘What of that?’

The courageous young lady of
Norway!

While I can accept ‘poet laureate of the limerick’ in relation to Lear, he was a long way from being the form’s founder or father. In fact, he copied not only the form but also much of his subject material from collections of limericks which predate his by over twenty years.

Two volumes of limericks were published in 1820, according to *The Oxford Companion to English Literature*. They were *Anecdotes and Adventures of Fifteen Young Ladies* and

The History of Sixteen Wonderful Old Women, the latter published by John Harris and containing limericks like this one:

There was an old woman named
Towl
Who went out to sea with her owl;
But the owl was seasick
And screamed for physic
Which sadly annoyed Mistress
Towl.

Strangely enough, Lear was later to write a quite famous poem about an owl going to sea with a pussycat.

In 1822 these volumes were followed by *Anecdotes and Adventures of Fifteen Gentlemen*, published by John Marshall. The fifteen gentlemen were from various exotic places like Bombay, a convention which is now very much part of limerick tradition.

As a little fat man of Bombay
Was smoking one very hot day,
A bird called a snipe
Flew away with his pipe,
Which vexed the fat man of
Bombay.

The most famous limerick in *Anecdotes*

and Adventures of Fifteen Gentlemen is the one about the man from Tobago. Not only is this limerick mentioned in Dickens' *Our Mutual Friend*, it is also the limerick which, according to Lear himself, gave him the idea of writing limericks as children's entertainments. Here it is:

There was a sick man of Tobago
Who lived long on rice-gruel and
sago;

But at last, to his bliss,
The physician said this —
'To a roast leg of mutton you may
go.'

It is interesting to note that these volumes referred to the verses as ‘anecdotes’ or ‘histories’, the term ‘limerick’, according to the *Oxford English Dictionary*, not being noted as used until 1898. Indeed Lear himself never seems to have referred to his efforts as ‘limericks’.

While Lear was making the limerick (by whatever name he chose to call it) socially acceptable, many other Victorian poets were anonymously continuing the tradition of writing bawdy and erotic examples. It was all very much part of that Victorian double standard. Practitioners included poet laureate Alfred Lord Tennyson, who apparently wrote several thousand

which were discovered and destroyed after his death. A sad loss.

A special mention here must go to the poet Algernon Charles Swinburne. He firstly began a tradition of parodying Lear's limericks, for example:

There was a young lady of Norway
Who hung by her toes in a doorway
And said to her beau,
‘Darling, don’t go!
I think I’ve discovered one more
way!’

But he is also believed to have written this classic:

There was a young girl from
Aberystwyth
Took grain to the mill to get grist
with.

The miller's son, Jack,
Laid her flat on her back
And united the organs they pissed
with.

While they were often written by well-known poets and public figures, ownership was rarely claimed for these bawdy limericks. Another development we can see here, however, is the 'clever' limerick. Just finding two other rhymes for Aberystwyth is an achievement in itself.

There are many variations of the ‘Aberystwyth’ limerick, by the way, for example:

There was a young girl from
Aberystwyth
Whose parents mine used to play
whist with,
And, when we were able,
We’d get under the table,
And play with the things that we
pissed with.

(If I have any real qualifications for writing this book, which I don’t, one of the most valid is probably that I lived

two years of my life in Aberystwyth.
And very pleasant years they were, too.)

Swinburne certainly started
something with his vulgar versions of
Lear's limericks.

There was an old man of Cape
Horn

Who wished he had never been
born.

So he sat on a chair

Till he died of despair

That dolorous man of Cape Horn.

quickly became:

There was an old man of Cape
Horn

Who wished he had never been
born.

And he wouldn't have been
If his father had seen
That the end of the rubber was torn.

While:

There was an old man of Dundee
Who frequented the top of a tree.

When disturbed by the crows
He abruptly arose
And exclaimed, 'I'll return to
Dundee.'

became:

There was an old man of Dundee
Who molested an ape in a tree.

The result was most horrid,
All arse and no forehead,
Three balls and a purple goatee.

It appears that I'm not the only one irritated by Lear's verses repeating words at the ends of lines; quite a tradition of poking fun at them has developed over the years. It has been responsible for three of my favourite non-limericks. Lear wrote:

There was an old man in a tree
Who was horribly bored by a bee.

When they said, ‘Does it
buzz?’

He replied, ‘Yes it does!
It’s a regular brute of a bee.’

To which W.S. Gilbert responded:

There was an old man of St Bees
Who was stung in the arm by a
wasp.

When asked, ‘Does it hurt?’

He replied, ‘No, it doesn’t;
I’m so glad it wasn’t a hornet.’

Lear also wrote several limericks about old men with beards to which our very own (well, New Zealand's, but we always claim Kiwis when it suits us) John Clarke responded:

There was an old man with a beard,
A funny old man with a beard.
 He had a big beard,
 A great big old beard,
That amusing old man with a beard.

John Clarke actually wrote a whole series of Lear parodies and send-ups — here's another favourite of mine:

There was an old fellow from Bong
Who hailed in the first place from
Bong.

From bong did he come
With Bongolian Rum,
That humorous old fellow from
bong.

Although I share the opinion implied by these reactions, i.e. that Lear's limericks were rather lame, he certainly made the form popular and accessible to children. Other children's authors followed suit. Here's a much better silly one for kids by a true master of nonsense, Lewis Carroll:

There once was a man from Oporta
Who daily got shorter and shorter.

The reason, he said,
Was the hod on his head,
Which was filled with the heaviest
mortar.

Anyway, once the limerick was socially acceptable, writers began to show off by writing clever limericks. My favourite is probably Mark Twain's only known effort:

A man hired by John smith and *Co.*
[Company]
Loudly declared he would *tho.*

[thump any]

Man that he saw

Dumping dirt near his store.

The drivers, therefore, didn't *do*.

[dump any]

This belongs to a special class of limerick, those that must be read on the page to make any real sense and that cannot be recited to any effect.

Limericks are credited to W.S. Gilbert (half of Gilbert and Sullivan), Lewis Carroll, Robert Louis Stevenson, Rudyard Kipling, John Galsworthy, T.S. Eliot, W.H. Auden, Ogden Nash and many, many other famed authors, right down to this one credited to science

fiction writer Isaac Asimov:

There was a young maid of Peru
Who swore she never would screw,
 Except under stress
 Of forceful duress,
Like: 'I'm ready. How about you?'

The development that made the limerick truly the 'people's poem' was the intrusion into limerick history of crass commercialism at the very beginning of the twentieth century. On both sides of the Atlantic limericks were used on a huge scale, from about 1905 until World War I, as a means of competing for prize

money.

In Britain the competitions were run by magazines and newspapers that invited readers to complete the last line of a limerick. The trick was that entries needed to be accompanied by a postal order, usually for sixpence. Prizes were very substantial for the time and the popularity of the competitions boosted circulations and brought in millions of sixpences.

In the USA things were a little different. Manufacturers of certain products, including cereal, groceries and cigarettes, invited customers to complete a limerick extolling the virtues of the product and to send it in, along with a number of box tops or coupons, thus

boosting sales of the product.

In both countries prizes included such things as new homes, very large sums of money and weekly allowances for life. The popularity of these competitions, in an era before public lotteries, quiz programs, radio and television, cannot be imagined today. They certainly helped put the limerick on the map.

One of the most famous exchanges of limericks in the US began with the classic ‘Nantucket’ limerick being published

in the 14 June 1924 edition of the university magazine *Princeton Tiger*, which had held limerick competitions and published limericks regularly from

1902.

There once was a man from
Nantucket,
Who kept all of his cash in a
bucket,
But his daughter, named nan,
Ran away with a man,
And as for the bucket, nantucket.

The *Chicago Tribune* took up the
challenge, and a competition held by that
newspaper produced:

But he followed the pair to
Pawtucket,

The man and the girl with the
bucket;

And he said to the man,
He was welcome to nan,
But as for the bucket, Pawtucket.

Then the *New York Exchange* newspaper
took up the challenge and a reader came
up with:

Then the pair followed Pa to
Manhasset,
Where he still held the cash as an
asset,
But nan and the man
Stole the money and ran,

And as for the bucket, Manhasset.

Appropriately, the *Pawtucket Times* had the last word:

Of this story we hear from
Nantucket,
About the mysterious loss of a
bucket,

 We are sorry for nan,
 As well as the man,
The cash and the bucket, Pawtucket.

I have no idea if these limericks predate the famous rude limerick about the man from Nantucket.

When Gershon Legman maintains that ‘the clean limerick has never been of the slightest real interest to anyone’, he summarily dismisses a lot of categories that have given pleasure and amusement to many children and adults alike. There are many proponents of the clean limerick, and some fine and famous clean limericks, most of which I hope are to be found somewhere in this collection. However, it is true, as Professor Morris Bishop puts it:

The limerick is furtive and mean;
You must keep her in close
quarantine,
Or she sneaks to the slums

And promptly becomes
Disorderly, drunk and obscene.

Legman is also scathingly dismissive of the use of the limerick in magazine and newspaper competitions and advertising campaigns, which kept the limerick in the public eye for decades.

Limerick competitions are still run today by radio stations and magazines. Contributor to this book Grahame Watt is, as far as we know, the reigning limerick champion of Australia. He won the title in 1991, when *Aussie Post* magazine ran the contest, with this:

Ayers Rock is so bloody high,

When I climbed it I gave a big sigh,
I let out a cheer,
And said, 'My God! I'm here,'
And a voice boomed, 'I know!'
from the sky.

So the limerick has a fascinating history.
Who knows what it will be used for next
or whether it will survive at all? Let's
hope it does.

Let's help keep the limerick alive,
For the limerick deserves to
survive!

Now you know its history,
Its rhyme scheme's no mystery,

Rhyme 3 and 4 ... 1, 2 and 5.



THE CLEAN
SECTION





SILLY LIMERICKS



Nonsense verse appeals to us all, not just children.

Kids learn to distinguish the real from the unreal quite early on. A sense of humour develops as children learn that impossible ideas can be amusing. We develop an imagination and sense of the ridiculous quite early. One of the first limericks I remember learning at

primary school is this:

There once was a lady named Lynn
Who was so exceedingly thin
That, when she assayed
To drink lemonade,
She slipped down the straw and
fell in.

I remember thinking it was very funny
and it was from this limerick that I
learned the meaning of the word
'assayed' (as in 'test something out' or
'attempt something difficult'), a word I
have assayed to use in sentence
construction ever since. (There's a good

chance that this limerick also taught me the meaning of the word ‘exceedingly’, another particular favourite of mine.)

I remember the delight I found as a child in the silliness of limericks like these; I’m sure the limerick helped fashion my sense of humour generally. The limerick has much to answer for.

In this section are many I remember from childhood, as well as some I wrote myself while in particularly silly moods, and even some of Edward Lear’s more sufferable efforts and all the tongue-twisters.

There was an old man who said,
‘Hush!

I perceive a young bird in the
bush.'

When they asked, 'Is it small?'

He replied, 'Not at all.

It is four times as big as the bush!'

There was a young lady in blue
Who said, 'Is it you? Is it you?'

When they said, 'Yes it is,'

She replied only, 'Whizz!'

That ungracious young lady in blue.

There was an old lady of Brooking
Who had a great talent for cooking;

She baked sixty pies

All the same size,

And knew which was which
without looking.

There was a young man who asked,
'Why
Can't I look in my ear with my eye?
I'm sure I can do it
If I put my mind to it,
You never can tell till you try.'

There was an old person of Wick
Who said, 'Tick-a-tick, tick-a-tick,
Chickabee, chickabaw,'
Then he said nothing more
This laconic old person of Wick.

A scatterbrained lady named Lou
Once dreamed she was eating her
shoe.

She awoke in the morn
And discovered it gorn,
Plus part of her wooden leg, too.

There was an old man of
Darjeeling,
Who travelled from London to
Ealing,
A sign on the door
Said, 'Don't spit on the floor,'
So he carefully spat on the ceiling.

There was an old baker of Rye,

Who was baked by mistake in a
pie,

 In a cloud of white dust
 He bust through the crust,
And asked, with surprise, ‘Where
am I?’

There was an old woman of Crete
Who was so exceedingly neat
 That she stood on her head
 When she got out of bed
To keep from soiling her feet.

There was an old man of Dundee
Who frequented the top of a tree.
 When disturbed by the crows

He abruptly arose
And exclaimed, 'I'll return to
Dundee.'

There once was a man from Oporta
Who daily got shorter and shorter.

The reason, he said,
Was the hod on his head,
Which was filled with the heaviest
mortar.

Most people won't give a fig
But I once owned a thingamajig.
It did a good job,
For a thingamebob,
Like a whatsit, except twice as big.

There once was a Martian named
Fred

With antennae all over his head.

He transmitted a lot,

‘Di-di-dit-dash-dot-dot,’

But nobody knew what he said.

There was an old lady of Kent

Whose nose was remarkably bent.

One day, they suppose,

She followed her nose,

For no one knows which way she
went.



CREATURES

A wonderful bird is the pelican.
His beak can hold more than his
belly can.

He can hold in his beak
Enough food for a week.
But I'm darned if I know how the
hell he can.

There was an old man who
supposed
That the street door was partially
closed;
But some very large rats
Ate his coats and his hats,
While that futile old gentleman
dozed.

There once was a man with a beard
Who said, 'It is just as I feared,
Two owls and a hen,
Four larks and a wren,
Have all built their nests in my
beard!'

There was an old person of Ware
Who rode on the back of a bear;
When they asked, 'Does it
trot?'
He said, 'Certainly not,
It's a Moppsikin Floppsikin bear.'

Said a female snail from Daly
Waters,

Who'd married a male scaly
tortoise,

 'First the stork brought us
 A little male tortoise,
Then the stork brought us four
snaily daughters.'

There was an old man in a tree
Who was horribly bored by a bee.

 When they said, 'Does it
 buzz?'

 He replied, 'Yes it does!
It's a regular brute of a bee.'

As Double-0-7 walked by,
A spider just tried to say 'hi'.

That spider was shot,
Right on the spot,
When he started out, 'Hi, I'm a spi
...

Our teacher, towards end of term,
Tied bows on the tail of a worm;
She said, 'Don't be restive,
You really look festive,
You'll wriggle 'em off if you
squirm.'

That amazing mollusc the oyster
In its shell, or crustacean cloister,
Can be 'he' or 'she'
Or, apparently,

Both, if it should be its choice ter.

There were three little birds in a
wood,
Who always sang hymns when they
could;

What the hymns were about
They could never make out,
But they felt it was doing them
good.

There's a barber who lives in
Belgravia
Known for his faultless behaviour.
When a hairy baboon
Came to his saloon

He said, 'I haven't time, sir, to
shave yer!'

There once was a farmer from
Slough,
Who took all his meals with a cow,
Always said, 'It's uncanny,
She's just like Aunt Fanny,'
But he never would indicate how.

A goat-bearded mystic I knew
Found a green spotted frog in his
stew.

He cried out, 'It's a sign
Which I can't yet define
But will ruminate on while I chew.'



ACCIDENTS AND TRAGEDIES

There was a young lady of Norway
Who casually sat in a doorway.

When the door squeezed her
flat

She exclaimed, ‘What of that?’
The courageous young lady of
Norway!

There once was a lad called Gus,
Who ate apple pie till he bust.

It wasn’t the fru-it,

That caused him to do it,
What finished him off was the crust

An over-fat lady named Mabel
Spent far too much time at the table.

She ate and she ate
Till she gained so much
weight

They bedded her down in the
stable.

There was a young lady of Niger
Who smiled as she rode on a tiger;
They returned from the ride
With the lady inside,
And the smile on the face of the

tiger.

There once was a lady from Clyde,
Of eating green apples she died.

 Inside the lamented
 The apple fermented,
And made cider inside her inside.

There once was a fellow named
Paul
Who went to a food costume ball.
 He thought he would risk it
 And go as a biscuit,
And a dog ate him up in the hall.

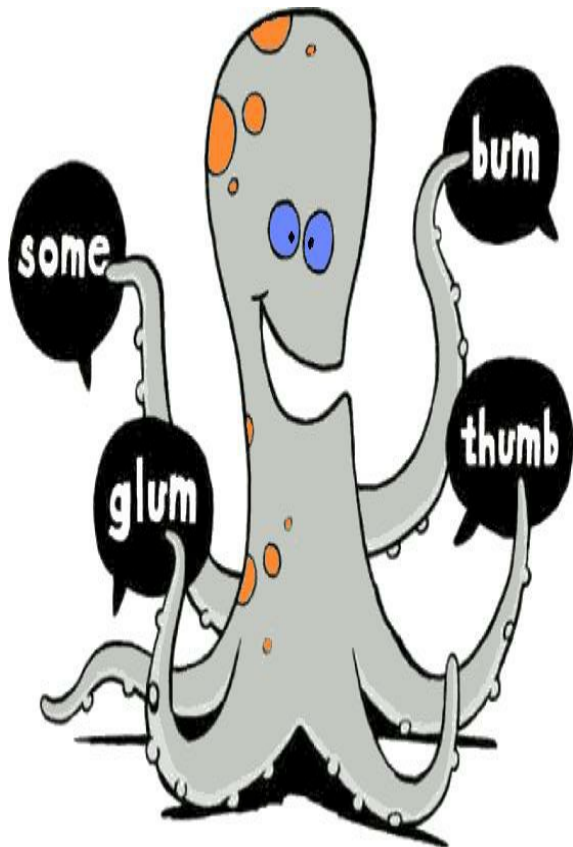
or

There was a young man of Bengal
Who went to a fancy-dress ball.

He went, just for fun,
Dressed up as a bun,
And a dog ate him up in the hall.

A science researcher named Bill
Swallowed a nuclear pill.

When the doctor said,
'Cough,'
The darn thing went off.
They discovered his head in Brazil.



FUN WITH WORDS



As I mentioned in the general introduction, the first limerick I remember hearing was the one about the fly and the flea in the flue, and it led to my finding out the meaning of the word ‘flue’. This is a word I have rarely used since, but that’s not the point.

Another fine educational use of the limerick is to help prepare children to

Speak well, or at least well enough to get their tongues around difficult arrangements of words and sounds. Tongue-twister limericks are a fine tool for teaching elocution — I'm sure many great actors and public speakers owe their success to the limerick.

A certain young chap named Bill
Beebee
Was in love with a lady named
Phoebe.

Said he, 'Let me see,
What will the fee be
If I let Phoebe be Phoebe B.
Beebee?'

A fellow who would shoot a wood-
duck

Said, 'I know that the wood-duck's
a good duck.

A wood-duck would be good,
I'd shoot one if I could!'

But the wood-duck had good luck,
they could duck!

As the mummy crept into his crypt,
On the end of his bandage he trypt.

Down the stairs mummy
travelled,

And completely unravelled
To nothingness, all 'cos he slypt.

A tooter who tooted the flute
Tried to tutor two tooters to toot.
Said the two to the tutor,
‘Is it harder to toot or
To tutor two tooters to toot?’

The bottle of perfume that Willie
sent
Was highly displeasing to Millicent
Her thanks were so cold
They quarrelled, I’m told
O’er the silly scent Willie sent
Millicent!

One morning I went to the zoo
For I wanted to view the old gnu.

But the old gnu was dead
And the new gnu, they said,
Was too new a new gnu to view.

A fly and a flea in a flue
Were wondering just what to do.
Said the fly, 'Let us flee,'
Said the flea, 'Let us fly.'
So they flew through a flaw in the
flue.

A canner, exceedingly canny,
Once asked his elderly granny,
 'A canner can can
 Anything that he can,
But a canner can't can a can, can

he?’

There was a young fellow named
Fisher

Who was fishing for fish in a
fissure;

Then a cod, with a grin,
Pulled the fisherman in!

Now they’re fishing the fissure for
Fisher.



WITTY AND WHIMSICAL



Here's a collection of clean and hopefully amusing limericks, which leads me to ponder on the collective noun for limericks. A 'laughter' of limericks perhaps? A 'looneybin' of limericks, in the case of the nonsensical ones? Perhaps a 'lechery' of limericks for the crude ones?

Some of these are silly and

whimsical and others are humorous social commentary. If brevity is, indeed, the soul of wit, then the limerick is the perfect form for this sort of comment.

Many of the jokes and puns that follow are groan-worthy, I'm afraid. Many will remind you, like the gramophone one, of days long gone. We can pretend, though, for the sake of nostalgia and humour, that they aren't such bad literary efforts after all.

I can tell you're a great connoisseur
Of the finest of fine literature.

Reading limericks so wise
You will soon realise,
Great writers are fewer and fewer.

Speaking of great writers, if you're name-spotting be aware that Robert Louis Stevenson wrote the one about the man from the Cape and Rudyard Kipling the one about the boy in Quebec.

While it is true that the limerick is historically more an 'adult humour' art form, it is surprising how many clean ones you can remember if you try. Thinking I'd be hard-pressed to find very many clean ones, I had this one ready:

'Twould be of great interest to see
What my store of limericks might
be

If I leave out the lewd ones

And omit all the rude ones —
I'd probably know two or three.

There was a fat man from Lahore,
The same shape behind as before.
No one knew where
To offer a chair,
So he had to sit down on the floor.

There was an old man of the Cape
Who made himself garments of
crepe.

When asked, 'Do they tear?'
He replied, 'Here and there;
But they're perfectly splendid for
shape.'

There once was a boy in Quebec
Who was buried in snow to his
neck.

When asked, 'Are you friz?'

He replied, 'Yes, I is.

But we don't call this cold in
Quebec.'

A doleful old fellow named
Learning

Spent all his days wailing and
screaming.

When implored to desist

He would cry, 'Zonjoblist,'

A word of ambiguous meaning.

Said my friend Albert Fiddle to me,
'I'm a student of divinity.

When I graduate
'Twill be my sad fate
To be known as A. Fiddle D.D.'

A feather-brained fiddler named
Rouse
Sat alone on the top of his house.
When attacked by some crows
He sedately arose
And played them selections from
Strauss.

This gramophone needle won't
move;

It appears to be stuck in a groove,
In a groove ... in a groove ...
In a groove ... in a groove ...
In a groove ... in a groove ... in a
groove ...

There was a young man from Japan
Who wrote verses that no one could
scan.

When told it was so
He replied, ‘Yes, I know.
But I always try to fit as many
words into the last line as I
possibly can!’

There was a fat lady called Bligh

Who felt she was likely to die,
And for fear that once dead
She would not be well fed,
She gulped down a pig, a cow, a
sheep, twelve buns, a seven-layer
cake, four cups of coffee, and a
green apple pie.

An inventor just chuckled with glee
When they fished his old plane
from the sea.

‘I shall now build,’ he
laughed,
‘A submarine craft,
Perhaps *that* will fly, we shall see.’

My aunt was devoted to Bing
But, when anyone asked her to sing,
She'd say, 'Isn't it odd?
I can never tell "God
Save the Weasel" from "Pop Goes
the King"!'.

The poor benighted Hindoo
Just does the best he kindoo.
He sticks to his caste
From the first to the last.
And for garments he just makes his
skindoo.

No matter how grouchy you're
feeling,

You'll find the smile more or less
healing.

It grows in a wreath
Around the front teeth,
Thus preserving the face from
congealing.

There once was a girl of New York
Whose body was lighter than cork;
She had to be fed
For six weeks upon lead,
Before she went out for a walk.

A young anorexic, Virginia,
Has a figure that's basically linear.
Her vital statistics

Resemble a dipstick's.
Virginia couldn't be skinnier.

There was an old man who said,
'Do
Tell me how I'm to add two and
two.

I'm not very sure
That it doesn't make four,
But I fear that is almost too few.'

A hoarder who lived in Bolivia
Collected all manner of trivia:
Platypus eggs,
Nine gallon kegs
And photos of Laurence Olivier.

When composing some music today
Don't do it the regular way,
Just bang on the keys
With your elbows and knees,
And see what the critics all say.

There was a young lady named
Harris
Whom nothing could ever
embarrass
Till the salts that she shook
In the bath that she took
Turned out to be plaster of Paris.

A young fellow from Timbuktoo
Wrote limericks that stopped at line

two.

A limerick fan from Australia
Regarded his work as a failure:
 His verses were fine
 Until the fourth line
Then he couldn't think of anything
...

A hopeless romantic named May
Read a love story every day.
 When at last she was wed,
 She quite sadly said,
‘I didn't think it would turn out this
way.’

There was a young fellow from
Boston

Who thought 'twas the beach he
was lost on

But a wave came and took him
And soaked him and shook
him.

'Twas the sea he was lost on and
tossed on!

A funny old man of Tarentum
Ate steak with his dentures and bent
'em.

When asked 'bout the cost
Of what he had lost,
He said, 'I dunno, I just rent 'em!'

There was a young parson named
Perkins
Exceedingly fond of small gherkins.
One summer at tea
He ate forty-three,
Which pickled his internal workins.

Said an envious, erudite ermine,
‘There’s one thing I cannot
determine:
When a girl wears my coat,
She’s a person of note.
When I wear it, I’m only called
vermin.’

There was a young lady named

Rose

Who had a large wart on her nose.

When she had it removed

Her appearance improved,

But her glasses slipped down to her
toes.

A dentist named Archibald Moss

Fell in love with the dainty Miss

Ross,

But he held in abhorrence

Her Christian name, Florence,

So he called her his dear dental
Floss.

A gloomy young fellow named

Brian

Put his head on the South Eastern
Line

Where he died of ennui

For the 5.53

Didn't come till a quarter past nine.

There was a young fellow called
Clyde

Who once at a funeral was spied.

When asked who was dead

He smilingly said,

‘No idea, I just came for the ride.’

There once was a boy of Baghdad,
An inquisitive sort of a lad.

He said, 'Let us see
If a sting has a bee.'
And he very soon found that it had.

Mickey Mouse and his lady-love,
Min,
Went skating on ice that was thin.
They argued no doubt,
Had a big falling-out,
Followed by a quite big falling-in.

I once asked my dear Auntie Susan
About what my uncle keeps losin'.
Socks and keys 'neath the bed,
And once his own head.
Said Aunt Susan, 'It isn't amusin'!'

There was a young fellow named
Willy
Who acted remarkably silly.
At an All-Nations ball
Dressed in nothing at all
He claimed that his costume was
Chile.

There was an old man of Calcutta
Who had the most terrible stutter.
He said, 'P-p-p-please
Pass the ch-ch-ch-cheese
And the b-b-b-b-b-b-butter.'

At school Frank was lazy and slow.
When the art teacher said, 'Time to

show,’

His paper was blank.

‘Don’t you see, Miss?’ said
Frank.

‘It’s a polar bear out in the snow.’

A frightfully clean baritone
Was always at parties alone.

He was really OK,
What drove girls away
Was the odour of eau de cologne!

There was an eccentric old boffin
Who said, when he couldn’t stop
coughin’,

‘It isn’t the cough

That carries you off.
It's the coffin they carry you off in!'

I've only a dollar to spend
So I've got very little to lend
 But I'd give all I've got
 For half of your lot
'Cos you got more than I have, my
friend!

Neighbours will constantly row
Over boundaries, some anyhow.
 So if yours disagrees
 O'er fences and trees
Just give in, and then take a bough.

An insurance man came to my door,
Said he'd double my money and
more.

He said, 'Listen, sonny,
I'll treble your money.'
I ain't seen him since May '84.

At eighteen I wished and I hoped
For a sports car, but when I groped
For my piggy bank money,
It wasn't real funny,
So I sat on my moped and moped!

I once had a clever old boss
Who knew how to cover a loss.
He'd say, 'Clear out the

drawers,
And lock up the doors.
A rolling stone gathers no moss.'

There was a young man from
Laconia
Whose mother-in-law had
pneumonia.

He hoped for the worst,
And, after March first,
They buried her 'neath a begonia.

They've buried a salesman named
Phipps
Who married, on one of his trips,
A widow named Block

And then died of shock
When he found there were five
little chips.

There was an old clerk at the War
Office
Whose brain was no good as a
store office.

Whatever he'd hear
Would go in one ear
And straight out the opposite
orifice!

One of the mounted police force
Somewhere in Hyde Park lost his
horse.

He searched there for hours
Amongst all the flowers
And then? ... Rhododendron — of
course!

When a cheery young frog on a
spree
Saw a restaurant in gay Paree,
The chef said, ‘Ah, ha!
Those legs ... ooh la la,
I’ll give you prostheses for free.’

Said a fair-headed maiden of
Klondike,
‘Of you I’m exceedingly fond, Ike.
To prove I adore you

I'll dye, darling, for you,
And be a brunette, not a blonde,
Ike.'

There was an old lady of Wales
Who lived upon oysters and snails.
Upon growing a shell,
She exclaimed, 'It is well.
Now I'll never wear bonnets or
veils.'

An earth tremor in gay Paree
Caused a rather large *fromagerie*
To tremble and shake,
Then collapse in the quake,
Leaving quite a large pile of *de*

brie.

I wish that my room had a floor.
I don't care so much for a door,
 But this walking around
 Without touching the ground
Is getting to be quite a bore.

I'd rather have fingers than toes,
I'd rather have ears than a nose.
 And as for my hair,
 I'm glad that it's there,
I'll be awfully sad when it goes.

There once was a bear at the zoo

Who complained he had nothing to do.

‘It’s boring, you know,
Just to go to and fro,
I think that I’ll go fro and to.’

There was an old lady who said,
When she found a thief under her bed,

‘Get up from the floor,
You’re too near the door,
And you may catch a cold in your head.’

A rabbi who came from Salonika
One Christmas received a

harmonica.

This seemed to annoy him,
He said, ‘That’s for goyim!
So I’ll just pretend it’s for
Hanukkah.’

There’s a clever old miser who
tries
Every method to e-con-omise.
He said with a wink,
‘I save gallons of ink
By simply not dotting my i’s.’

I’m the very best scout in my troop,
And the very best cook in the
group.

Bread I can toast
And lamb I can roast,
And I've tried, but I cannot pea
soup!

An old bloke used to perspire
Because he would sit on the fire.
When they asked, 'Are you
hot?'
He declared, 'No, I'm not.
'Cos I'm Pat Winterbottom,
Esquire.'

I once thought a lot of a friend
Who turned out to be, in the end,
The southernmost part

(As I'd feared from the start)
Of a horse with a northerly trend.

A classical scholar called Clint
Developed a terrible squint.

With his left-handed eye
He could scan the whole sky
While the other was reading small
print.

An old anorexic named Green
Grew so abnormally lean
And flat, and compressed,
His back squeezed his chest,
And sideways he couldn't be seen.

There was an old man in a hearse
Who murmured, ‘This might have
been worse;

Of course the expense
Is simply immense,
But it doesn’t come out of *my*
purse.’

There was an old man of Calcutta,
Who coated his tonsils with butter,
And converted his snore
From a thunderous roar
To a soft, oleaginous mutter.

A glutton who came from the Rhine
Was asked at what hour he’d dine.

He replied, ‘At eleven,
At three, five, and seven,
And eight and a quarter to nine.’

To his wife said a grumbler named
Dutton,

‘I’m a gourmet, I am, not a glutton.
Ham, lamb, or jam
I don’t give a damn.
I eat what I can, even mutton.’

Said a foolish old housewife in
Wales,

‘An odour of coal-gas prevails.’
She then struck a light,
And later that night

Was collected in seventeen pails.

I bought a new Hoover today,
Turned it on in the usual way,
And it made a great din
And sucked everything in.
Now I'm homeless with no place to
stay!

An camel from Kalamazoo
Confessed he was feeling quite
blue.

He said, 'As a rule,
When the weather turns cool,
Us camels get into a stew.'

There once was a girl from
Asturias
Whose temper was famous and
furious.

She used to throw eggs
At her grandmother's legs,
A habit unpleasant but curious.

A visitor once to Loch Ness
Met the monster, who left him a
mess;

They returned his entrails
By the regular mails
And the rest of the corpse by
express.

I travelled to Egypt at last
But the trip seemed to go very fast,
And you know it's a mystery
I forgot all that history.
Within weeks it was all in the past.

There once was a sculptor of mark
Whom they chose to brighten Hyde
Park.

Some thought his design
Was remarkably fine,
But most liked it best in the dark.

There once was a lady of
Lancashire
Who got a good job as a bank

cashier,

But she scarcely knew

$$1 + 1 = 2$$

And they had to revert to a man
cashier.

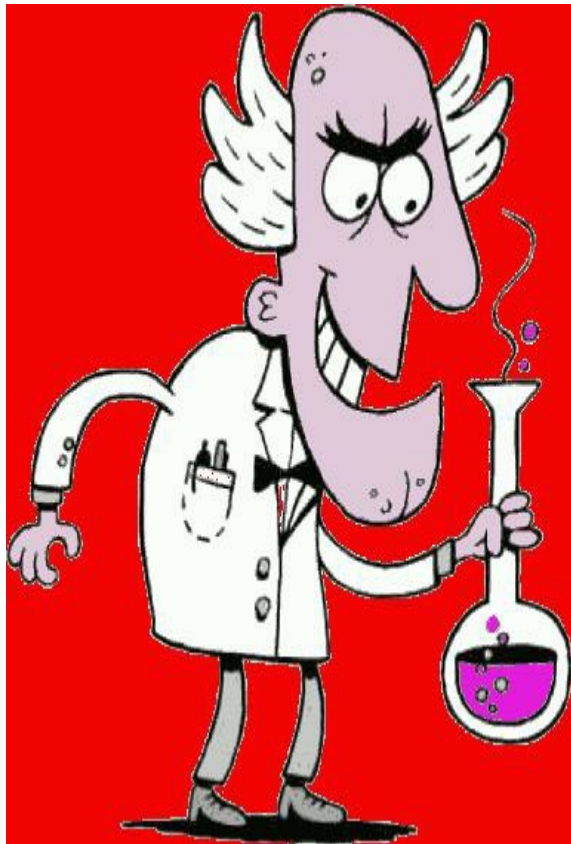
Said an old crim who lived in the
clink,

‘There’s no reason for raising a
stink,

Just ’cos I’ve a skunk

As a pet in my bunk.

But it’s why I’ve no cellmate, I
think.’



SCHOLARLY — PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE AND HISTORY



In the nineteenth century the limerick not only gained social acceptability, it also became a mechanism for scholarly wit and satire. The British humorous magazine *Punch* took up the cause by

running competitions based on finding witty endings for topical limericks and also by publishing quite a few related to science and the arts.

Many limericks, including more than a few quite famous ones, were composed by various professors, clerics and academics.

According to W.S. Baring-Gould, in *The Lure of the Limerick*, Professor Carter of Colorado College wrote the one about the value of π and Professor Buller of Manitoba wrote the original about the speed of light (although he didn't mention Einstein in his version, and I prefer it with Einstein). It is well known that Monsignor Ronald Knox wrote the clever one poking fun at

Bishop Berkeley, who philosophised
that things only exist in the eye of God
and we can experience only our
perceptions of them:

There once was a man who said,
Gods
Must think it exceedingly odd
If he finds that this tree
Continues to be
When there's no one about in the
quad.

But nobody really knows who wrote the
reply:

Dear Sir, Your astonishment's odd.
I am always about in the quad:
And that's why the tree
Will continue to be,
Since observed by, Yours faithfully,
God.

There's another funny limerick about
Bishop Berkeley, I think by Arnold
Silcock, which relies for part of its
humour on a very badly pronounced final
word:

A philosopher once, Bishop
Berkeley,
Remarked metaphysically, darkly,

‘Half what we see
Can’t possibly be
And the other half’s rather
unlarkly!’

Some of these limericks lack general appeal as they are rather esoteric, and many of them relate specifically to a scholarly reference or scientific theory.

A favourite pastime of mine
Is to *pi* a new value assign.
I’d fix it at 3
’Cos it’s easier, see,
Than 3.14159.

A dozen, a gross, and a score
Plus three times the square root of
four
Divided by seven
Plus five times eleven
Is nine squared plus zero, no more.

A clever young fellow from Trinity
Finally found the square root of
infinity
But after the rigours
Of finding those figures
He quit Maths and took up Divinity.

A sickly old don from Dumfries,
Weighed down by BAs and Lit Ds,

Collapsed from the strain,
Alas, it was plain,
He was killing himself by degrees.

My fencing instructor is brisk
Duelling with him is a risk.
So fast is his action,
The Fitzgerald Contraction
Has shortened his foil to a disk.

From an ancient Egyptian papyrus
A professor translated a virus.
It was rather specific
For an old hieroglyphic:
His computer was cursed by Osiris.

At a lab a technician named Sloan
Pricked his thumb while he spoke
on the phone,

 A mistake he'd regret
 When, years later, he met
His own illegitimate clone.

An amoeba named Sam, and his
brother,
Were telling some jokes to each
other;

 They laughed quite a bit
 Until their sides split.
And suddenly each was a mother.

A clever young fellow called

Haynes

Is taking incredible pains

To find a new sound

Which, when it is found,

Will travel much faster than planes!

Philosophers often reveal

That pain and such feelings aren't
real.

But if you take a pin

And puncture my skin,

I dislike what I think that I feel!

Modern scholars are now quite
emphatic

Job's ailments, myopic, rheumatic,

Sclerotic, arthritic,
Or just paralytic,
Were quite simply psychosomatic.

Shakespeare's ghost said, 'Sir,
you're mistaken
To believe that my plays are by
Bacon!

And because of this lying
In Hell Bacon's frying,
Forsaken because of this faking!'

There once were some learned
MDs
Who captured some germs of
disease

And infected a train
Which, without causing pain,
Allowed hundreds to catch it with
ease.

A young schizophrenic named
Struther,
When told of the death of his
mother,
Said, 'Yes, it's too bad,
But I can't feel too sad,
After all, I *still* have each other.'

There once was a curate of Kew
Who kept a large cat in a pew.
He taught it each week

A letter of Greek,
But it never got further than *Mu*.

There was an old fellow named
Bryan

Whose voice was forevermore
cryin',

‘Do you think that my shape
Was derived from an ape?

Well, I think Charlie Darwin was
lyin’.’

The kings of Peru were the Incas,
Known far and wide as great
drincas.

They worshipped the sun

And had lots of fun,
But the peons all thought they were
stincas.

Cleopatra, that mean little minx,
When asked what she thought of the
sphinx

Replied, with a smile,
‘That old thing by the Nile?
I personally think that she stinks.’

The old Roman Emperor Tiberius
Once laughed himself nearly
delirious

When a guard standing near
Slipped and fell on his spear,

With results that were quite deleterious.

One day a man of good cheer
Asked Descartes if he'd like a beer.
The answer he got
Was, 'No, I think not.'
And he watched René D disappear.

In anything written by Dickens,
It's certain the plot always thickens;
With characters, themes
And digressions it teems!
As for sex, though, it's mighty slim
pickins.

A crossword composer named
Moss

At joking was quite at a loss.

When asked why 'twas true

He hadn't a clue.

He was two down to put one
across.

William Bligh was a captain
despotic;

He loved order and loathed the
chaotic.

He clashed with his crew

When they wanted to do

Some things that he found idiotic.

Fletcher Christian loved women
exotic,
And so in a state quite hypnotic
He put Bligh afloat
In a twenty-foot boat.
No wonder poor Bligh was
neurotic.

But sound navigation prevails.
With a couple of oars and some
sails
Bligh conquered the sea,
And went on to be
Fourth governor of New South
Wales.

Galileo once chuckled with mirth
As he watched two rocks falling to
Earth.

Then he thought he'd
proclaim,
'Their rates are the same,
Independent of shape and of girth!'

Newton said, about gravity's force,
After thinking quite deeply, of
course,

'It goes, I declare,
As the inverted square
Of the distance from object to
source.'

Einstein had a terrible fright,
When he travelled far faster than
light,
For he set out one day,
In a relative way,
And returned on the previous night.

Einstein described gravitation,
In a cleverly thought-out equation,
As spacetime that's curved,
Though he never observed
The planet's exact motivation.

I can't stand the family Stein,
There is Gert, there is Ep, there is
Ein.

Gert's writing is bunk,
Ep's sculpture is junk,
And no one can understand Ein.

A firing squad got Ceausescu,
And came to Romania's rescue.
They may get back a king.
What a wonderful thing!
Is democracy better, I esk you?!

Saddam Hussein, I dare say,
Has no fear of spiders today.
But he was like Miss Muffet
There on her tuffet
For both had some curds in their
whey.

The tobacco-stained rulers of sport,
Now defending their sponsorship
rort,

 Might more freely concede
 The demise of the weed
If their consciences hadn't been
bought.

A critic refused, as reviewer,
To read the obscene and impure;
 He soon left the scene
 For the books that were clean
Just kept getting fewer and fewer.

A mosquito was heard to complain,
'A chemist has poisoned my brain!'

The cause of his sorrow
Was paradichloro-
Triphenyldichloroethane.

There once was a fly on the wall,
I wonder why it didn't fall.

Because its feet stuck
Or was it just luck
Or does gravity miss things so
small?

There once was a girl named Irene
Who lived on distilled kerosene.

But she started absorbin'
A new hydrocarbon,
And since then has never benzene!

The incredible Wizard of Oz
Retired from business becoz
 Due to up-to-date science,
 To most of his clients
He wasn't the Wizard he woz.

Said an ape as he swung by his tail,
To his offspring both female and
male,
 'From your offspring, my
 dears,
 In a couple of years,
May evolve a professor at Yale.'

Archimedes, the well-known truth-
seeker,

Jumping out of his bath cried,
‘Eureka!’

Then ran half a mile,
Wearing only a smile,
And became the very first streaker.

There once was an old man of
Esser,
Whose knowledge grew lesser and
lesser.

It at last grew so small
He knew nothing at all
And now he’s a college professor.



LINGUISTICS AND LOGIC



Normally, as Russell Hannah pointed out to me during the compiling of this collection, limericks are designed to be heard rather than read in solitude:

This morning while lying in bed
A limerick popped into my head.
I rang Jim to recite it,

Rather than write it.
They're better when said than when
read.

The ones in this chapter are the exceptions to this rule; they are all based on the quirks of the English language. The practice of using the limerick in this way developed towards the end of the nineteenth century when they were becoming not only very popular but also quite socially acceptable. It became something of a game among writers and those fond of linguistic gymnastics to create limericks of this kind.

I often ponder how lucky we are to have such a hybrid dog's-breakfast of a

language. Because English has encompassed so many historic takeovers and amalgamations (Celtic languages, Latin, Anglo-Saxon, Norman French, foreign words from the British Empire, etc.) it has a wonderful complexity and scope not only of vocabulary but also of pronunciation and phonetics. This enables us to create, in English, more jokes based on words and their meanings than in any other language. It also makes this delightful type of limerick possible.

I have separated these into three categories. There are those based on strangely spelled words, those using place-names and those based on the eccentricities of the way we abbreviate

certain words and ideas. I hope you enjoy them and start laughing aloud as you read. But remember, it's no good reading them to anyone who asks you what's so funny.



WEIRD SPELLINGS

On the Sydney-to-Hobart yacht race
A captain once called me a 'snacht
face'!

I said, 'Sir, you lie,
And I hope, when you die,
You'll reside evermore in a hacht
place!'

Hopelessly hooked on meringue
Is Taronga Park's eringue etingue.

When he gets hung over
From eating pavlova
For hours his bottom goes bingue!

One day, while shopping for
cabernet,
I saw a cabbie had driven his
caberstret.

I called, 'Cabbie don't roam!'
And I took that cab home,
Paid the cabbie and then sent the
caberwet.

There was a young maiden, a

Sioux,
As tempting as fresh honeydioux.
 When she strolled past tepees,
 And the braves saw her knees,
They whistled and hollered,
‘Wioux-hioux!’

Now what in the world shall we
dioux
With the bloody and murderous
Sioux

 Who, some time ago,
 Took an arrow and bow
And raised such a hullabelioux?

When out on the warpath the Siouxs

March single file, never by tioux,
And, by 'blazing' the trees,
Can return at their ease,
And their way through the forests
ne'er lioux!

Modern boats each Sioux
eschieux.
All Sioux use birch-bark canieux.
These are handy and light
And, inverted at night,
Give shelter from storms and from
dioux.

The principal food of the Sioux
Is maize, which each Sioux brioux

To hominy make,
Or mix in a cake,
And they eat it with spoons that
they chioux.

A well-presented hors d'oeuvre
Is a thing that I like to obsoeuvre.

Why, I could just gaze
At an hors d'oeuvre for days.
Perhaps I'm a bit of a poeuvre!

Once a chap eating hors d'oeuvres
Saw a girl with voluptuous
c'oeuvres.

And he choked on a bite
As she came into sight.

It was simply a case of bad
n'oeuvres.

There once was a blasphemous
colonel
Whose oaths were obscene and
infolonel.

 The chaplain *did* protest
 But nobody noticed,
So he jotted them down in his
jolonel.

A ferryman once, in the Isles,
Suffered severely from pisles,
 So he had to stand,
 With his oar in his hand,

And row his boat that way for
mises.

There once was a boy in the choir
Whose voice just rose hoir and
hoir.

It reached such a height
It went clean out of seight,
And they found it next day in the
spoir.

Some day 'ere she grows too
antique
My girl's hand in marriage I'll
sique;
If she's not a coquette

(Which I'd greatly regretted)
She shall share my ten dollars a
week.

A lady, an expert on skis,
Went out with a man who said,
'Plis,
On the next precipice
Will you give me a kick?
But quickly, before someone sees!'

A boy who played tunes on a comb,
Became such a nuisance at home,
His ma gave him what for
And asked, 'Do you want
more?'

And he tearfully answered her,
'Nomb.'



PLACENAMES

An unpopular youth of Cologne
With a pain in his stomach did
mogne.

He heaved a great sigh,
And said, 'I would digh,
But the loss would be only my
ogne.'

A young Irish servant in Drogheda

Had a mistress who often
annogheda,
Whereon she would swear
In a language so rare
That thereafter no one emplogheda.

Once on the lake at Dubuque,
A girl took a sail with a duque.
And, when he felt sick,
He said, 'Move aside, quick!'
And then leaned across her to
puque.

A dentist who lives in Duluth
Has wedded a widow named Ruth.
She's so sentimental,

Concerning things dental,
She calls her new hubby her
‘twoth’.

A bibulous chap from Duquesne
Drank a whole jeraboam of
champuesne.

As he quaffed the last quaff,
He started to scoff,
‘I tried to get drunk, but in vuesne.’

An old couple living in Gloucester
Had a beautiful girl, but they
loucester.

She fell from a yacht,
And never the spacht

Could be found where the cold
waves had toucester.

A painter who came from great
Britain
Hailed a lady who sat with her
knitain.

He remarked with a sigh,
‘That park bench, well, I
Just painted it, right where you’re
sitain.’

A crazy young lady of Harwich
Shocked all the guests at her
marich;
She proceeded on skates

To the parish church gates,
While her friends followed on in a
carwich.

A crazy young student from
Shoreham
Made brown paper trousers and
woreham.

He looked nice and neat,
Till he bent in the street
To pick up a pin, then he toreham.

A lady who lived by the Thames
Had a gorgeous collection of
ghames;

So she had them set,

In a large coronet,
With a number of small diadhames.

There was a young lady from
Twickenham
Whose shoes were too tight to walk
quickenham.

She came back from a walk
With her face white as chalk
And took her shoes off and was
sickenham.

There was a young lady of Munich,
Whose appetite simply was unich.
‘Oh my,’ she cooed,
‘I really like food.’

And she let out a tuck in her tunich.

A fellow who lived in New Guinea
Was known as a silly young nuinea.

He utterly lacked
Good judgment and tacked,
For he told a plump girl she was
skuinea.

A bright little maid in St Thomas
Discovered a suit of pajhommas.

Said the maiden, 'Well, well!
Whose they are I can't tell.
But I'm pretty sure these St
Mhommas.'

A globe-trotting man from St Paul
Made a trip to Japan in the faul.

One thing he found out,
As he rambled about,
Was that Japanese ladies St Taul.



ABBREVIATIONS

She frowned and called him Mr
Because in sport he kr
And so, in spite,
That very night,
The Mr kr sr.

A man hired by John Smith and Co.
Loudly declared he would tho.

Man that he saw
Dumping dirt near his store.
The drivers, therefore, didn't do.

We once had a boring old Rev.
Whose sermons all seemed like
they'd Nev.

I know it was wrong
But each one was so long
That I prayed for relief for my
Neth.

A lady from way down in Ga.
Became quite a notable fa.

But she faded from view
With a quaint I.O.U.
That she signed, 'Miss Lucrezia
Ba.'

When you think of the hosts without
no.

Who are slain by the deadly cuco.

It's quite a mistake

Of such food to partake!

It results in a permanent slo.

As he filled up his order book pp.

He decided he needed more ww.

So he struck for more pay

But, alas, now they say

He is sweeping out elephants' cc.

A girl who weighed many an oz.
Used language I dare not pronoz.

When a fellow unkind
Pulled her chair out behind
Just to see (so he said) if she'd boz.

There's a girl out in Ann Arbor,
Mich.,
To meet whom I never would wich.
She'd gobble ice cream
Till she'd make me scream,
Then she'd order another big dich.



STRANGELY SPELLED NAMES

Said a kid in the pantry, called
Beauchamp,

‘Those lollies, now how shall I
reauchamp?

My sisters I’d ask

To help with the task

But they refuse every time I
beseauchamp.’

There once was a fellow called
Cholmondeley

Who in company always sat
dolmondeley;

When the guests had all fled,
His wife often said,
‘Oh Cholmondeley, you do behave
rolmondeley!’

A young man named Cholmondeley
Colquhoun

Kept, as a pet, a babuhoun.

His mother said,
‘Cholmondeley,
I don’t think it’s quite
colmondeley
To feed your babuhoun with a
spuhoun.’

There was a composer named Liszt
Whose music no one could resist.

When he swept the keyboard
No one could be bored,
And now that he's gone he is mist.

A young Scottish lassie named
Menzies

Asked her aunt, 'Do you know what
this thenzies?'

Said her aunt, 'Gracious me,
That thenzies a bee,
And you're holding it right where
the stenzies!'

A young English woman named St.

John

Met a red-skinned American In
John,

Who made her his bride,
And gave her, beside,
A dress with a gaudy bead Fr. John.

There was a young lady named
Wemyss

Who, it semyss, was afflicted with
dremyss.

She'd wake in the night
In a terrible fright,
And shake the roof bemyss with her
scremyss.



FAIR DINKUM CLEAN ONES



Here are a bunch of ‘G’ rated limericks about Aussie characters, places, attitudes and behaviour. You will notice that the selection is biased towards modern times in the fields of sport and entertainment, yet in the categories of explorers and bushrangers it is heavily slanted towards past eras for some reason.

I have tried to capture an essential Aussie flavour in this chapter, although stereotypes tend to narrow our view of ourselves. Jack Paton, who was sometime chief of staff at the *Daily Telegraph* and ended his career as editor of *TV Times* magazine, noted this in his limerick:

A rort in suburban Australia
Can be, one may say, *inter alia*,
An elegant night
With nobody tight
Or simply a beer bacchanalia.

(Interesting to see how the meaning of

‘rort’ has changed from the one meant here, ‘shindig’, to ‘corrupt perquisite’ over just a few decades.)

As well as being about typically Aussie subjects, these limericks are mostly written in the Aussie vernacular, which makes them quite different from those funny limericks we all remember and love that are very British and have their own section in this book.

In the face of US cultural imperialism, the Australian language still retains a unique character. It is actually the way we use words, rather than the words themselves, that gives Aussie English a unique flavour. Most of the so-called Aussie words are actually cockney, Irish or invented in the 1960s

by Barry Humphries. One limerick (by ex-friend Grahame Watt!) struck me as demonstrating quite well this particularly Aussie-style turn of phrase:

A Sydney feller called Haynes
Is just a bit light on for brains,
And I'm telling you,
I can prove this is true,
'Cos he still stands outside when it
rains.

The expressions 'just a bit light on' and 'I'm telling you' have a very Aussie ring to them, and it is a very 'bushie' thing to refer to someone as 'a Sydney feller' or

similar. This is the Aussie language I still hear in the bush and the towns and the suburbs, and I love it.

While the following limericks are all ‘G’ rated and mostly inoffensive, I haven’t attempted to censor any politically incorrect ones. I refuse to join the ever-growing band of those who revise our history in retrospect.

There once was a captain named
Cook

Sailed south just to have a quick
look.

There he found a land,
Stuck a flag in the sand,
And that’s how native title got took.

‘I say, this harbour’s first rate,’
Quoth A. Phillip, one seven eight
eight,

 ‘It’s the best in the world!’
 And the flag was unfurled,
Jan. twenty-sixth was the date.

The First Fleet was eleven small
ships

Full of convicts on single-way
trips.

 Plus some soldiers to beat
 ’em,
 And generally mistreat ’em,
Should those felons make any more
slips.

When summertime comes to
Australia
Thongs and stubbies are formal
regalia.

With sun, surf and beer
For most of the year,
It's the land of the long
bacchanalia.

Public holidays Aussies aren't
lacking,
There's Melbourne Cup day for
horse-backing,
And then there's a day,
Just before May,
When old soldiers do their Anzac-
ing.

Using radar and locating skills,
I've searched all the deserts and
hills,

But I simply can't win,
I've had to give in.

Oh! where have you gone, Burke
and Wills?

Some explorers have names that are
novel,

But Strzelecki and such make you
grovel.

Why can't they be
More like you and me,
With proper names like Hume and
Hovell?

Ned Kelly was game for a fight,
As he proved at Glenrowan one
night.

Now ‘game as Ned Kelly’
Means fire in the belly
And standing by what you think’s
right.

Henry Lawson was too
melancholic,
Never learned how to party and
frolic.

A wonderful writer
But a difficult blighter,
Who ended up quite alcoholic.

Banjo Paterson's verses ring true,
I think they're terrific, don't you?

He's best known, I fancy,
For 'Snowy' and 'Clancy'
But wrote lots of other beauts, too!

Norman Lindsay, now he was a
good 'un!

Tho' the prudes said he did things
he should'n.

Each painting and etching
I find very fetching,
And we all love the dear *Magic
Puddin'*.

There once was a horse called Phar

Lap

Who kept winning despite
handicap.

The mighty Red Terror,
No other horse ever
Deserved such a cheer and a clap.

Donald Bradman's a legend and
more.

As a batsman he'd always top
score.

As a sportsman none greater,
As an bloke — a first-rater,
With an average 99.94.

Namatjira once showed us, first

hand,
The magic and truth of our land.
His paintings could speak
Of a beauty unique,
Perhaps one day we'll all
understand.

There once was a bloke, T.J. Smith,
A great trainer to have horses with.
His skill with a horse
Was a legend of course.
A legend that is, not a myth.

Dame Edna is larger than life.
Of course, she's Norm Everage's
wife.

She throws gladdie blossoms
And calls us all ‘possums’,
While her satire cuts like a knife.

A Slim boy from Kempsey named
Dusty
Sang with a voice strong and lusty.
And fifty years later
His fame was much greater
And his voice not a little bit rusty.

There once was a girl from
Balmain
The best swimmer ever, that’s
plain.

Yes, the best ever born,

That's our Golden Dawn,
We'll never see her like again.

No matter where Germaine Greer
ends,
There's one message that her career
sends:
If you think that you're right,
 Go and fight a good fight,
 At least you might
Kick a few rear ends.

Though the great days of TV are
gone
With *Hey Hey* and Gra Gra and
Don,

There's an icon surviving,
In fact he's still thriving!
Yes, Bert Newton goes on and on.

Phil Anderson's cycling fame
Caused Frenchmen to give him a
name.

They called him 'Le Skippy',
'Cos he was so zippy,
And 'twas from Australia he came!

Rod Laver and Newcombe and
Hoad
The centre court proudly bestrode.
Cash, Emerson, Fraser,
Each one scored a blazer,

But Rosewall missed out; well, I'm
blowed!

When tennising icons are sought,
Evonne Goolagong and Margaret
Court

Should not be left out,
For there is no doubt
That they were the best in their
sport.

Shane Gould and Susie O'Neill,
Fanny Durack, they all have appeal.
Wilhelmina Wiley,
The lovely Sam Riley,
They all deserved medals I feel.

Norman Gunston said, 'Though I'm
a star,
There are others more handsome by
far.

My face? I don't mind it,
After all, I'm behind it!
It's the people in front that I jar.'

There's a trainer of horses named
Bart
And there's two things that set him
apart:
His hair's silver grey
And he trains 'em to stay,
He's won twelve Melbourne Cups
for a start.

Fred Hollows brought sight to the
blind

That the rest of the world left
behind.

He showed by example
That, if you have ample,
The least you can do is be kind.

Jeff Fenech sure knew how to
brawl,
As a fighter he always stood tall.
He was a jaw-rattler,
A real Aussie battler,
And of course he said, 'I love
youse all!'

There's a Wellington poet named
Blue

Whose topical verses ring true,
 Be it skiting or boasting
 Or political roasting,
There's nothing that old Blue can't
do!

There's a cute pocket rocket called
Kylie

Who's talented, t'riffic and smiley.
 She can dance, act and sing.
 She can do anything!

And she never does anything shyly.

'Twas Pauline, that One Nation

dame,
Who gained instant national fame
When she answered a query
With, ‘What’s that mean,
dearie?

Please explain, please explain,
please explain.’

In the matter of being impressed,
In politics, which is the best?
A loud fiscal bellow
From Peter Costello,
Or simply, a bullet-proof vest?

A politician’s praise can be measly,
And certainly doesn’t come easily.

When I asked one coward,
‘What’s your view of
Howard?’

He said, ‘None, ’cos I sit behind
Beazley.’

Laurie Lawrence has brought us
great joy,
Every Aussie, man, woman, girl,
boy,

And it’s all because he
Goes, ‘Aussie, Aus, Aussie!’
And we can reply, ‘Oy! Oy! Oy!’

There was a tough horse called
Octagonal,

Made bookies retreat with their bag
'n' all.

Punters kept grinning
As he kept on winning
Those big races, yes he did snag
'em all.

Jelena Dokic? A fabulous star!
With a wonderful stroke repertoire
That she learned here in Aus,
But she left us because
Her career with Damir is bizarre!

The 1500 gets all Aussies cheering,
'Cos Aussie champs just keep
appearing.

The latest to crack it
Were Thorpey and Hackett
And boy, did we love that bloke
Kieren!

Shane Warne put great spin on the
ball,
And often deceived one and all.
He could flip a strong 'un,
And had a good wrong 'un,
'Howzat?' was the clarion call!

When I bought an expensive Brett
Whiteley
I asked my grandma, who's still
sprightly,

‘Tell me what you think,
Gran.’

And she said, ‘Well, I can,
But I can’t really put it politely!’

There’s a Waterhouse lady called
Gai,
One of Sydney’s top trainers today.
But I guess that with
A dad like T.J. Smith,
She was destined to go a long way.

When somebody asked Jana Wendt
What she usually gave up for Lent,
She replied, ‘Well, one year
I gave up a career,

Did anyone see where it went?’

At tennis I challenged Pat Rafter,
And for years and for years ever
after,

When I told the tale,
My friends, without fail,
Would fall around helpless with
laughter.

Lleyton Hewitt’s reputation is
growing,
With cap back to front and hair
flowing.

He said, ‘It’s a ruse,
It’s meant to confuse,

They don't know if I'm coming or going!'

Cathy Freeman, we all know it's true,
You're a real champ through and through.

 You're sometimes a dag
 But you know that one flag
Doesn't quite mean the same thing
as two.

Nicole Kidman didn't know who to choose,
After she'd had a short Cruise,
 Then she did a duet

With a singer she met.
At least they're not singing the
blues.

When an Aussie says grace right
out loud,
While all other heads remain
bowed,
He'll take a quick look
At the size of the chook,
And hop in before all the crowd.

Now city folk eat kangaroo,
Well, cuisine magazines say they
do,
While a bushie's a glutton

For steak and for mutton.
I think that seems silly, don't you?

I've a twenty, a ten and a five
And I think I'm okay to survive
Till the pubs open up
Then I'll filleth my cup
And hope reinforcements arrive!

When at eighteen I drank my first
beer
I found the taste awfully queer
But I gulped it all down
With a terrible frown.
Now I'm hooked, and it's so
bloody dear!

Whenever a football fan dies
And enters into paradise,
How quickly the silence
Is broken with violence,
And shouts such as ‘C’arn the
Pies!’

An Aussie bloke once in Paree,
Whose knowledge of French was
‘*Oui oui*’,
Was asked, ‘*Parlez-vous?*’
And replied, ‘Same to you!’
What a master of fast repartee!

There was a young girl from
Australia

Who went to a dance as a dahlia.
When her petals uncurled
They revealed to the world
That the dahlia she wore was a
failure.

A shearer from west of Paroo
Found quite a large mouse in his
stew.

The cook said, 'Don't shout
Or wave it about,
Or the rest will be wanting one
too!'

In the outback they make a fine
stew,

A cultural dish it is true ...

What is killed on the road

They cook — *à la mode*.

It's 'chili con carnage' to you!

A gnu at Taronga Park Zoo

Fell in love with a girl kangaroo.

She said, 'Don't be a fool,

You should know the rule

That a roo and a gnu do not woo!'

Said a dingo when hunger beset
him,

To see what his cunning could get
him,

'Mrs Roo, can I crouch

And look in your pouch?’
But her joey said, ‘Mummy, don’t
let him!’

Ayers Rock is so bloody high,
When I climbed it I gave a big sigh,
I let out a cheer,
And said, ‘My God! I’m here,’
And a voice boomed, ‘I know!’
from the sky.



AUSSIE PRIME MINISTERS



Why would anyone want to write a limerick about every Australian prime minister? I haven't got a clue what the answer is but Grahame Watt, Russell Hannah and myself did it anyway.

Our initial PM did rescind
Some laws for those who had

sinned,
And some poets upstart'n'
Used his name, Edmund
Barton,
To write verses relating to wind.

A prime minister called Alfred
Deakin
Was noted for his public speakin'.
He said to a minion,
'If I've an opinion
I'm not backward at sticking my
beak in.'

Chris Watson's forgotten, but still
he

Was the Aussie PM born in Chile.
And although I give ya
That interesting trivia
He won't stay in your memory, will
he?

Before being elected, George Reid
Said, 'I'm all for the arts, so take
heed;
If I win the election,
I'll have an erection.'
('Twas a statue of David, indeed!)

That cheerful PM Andrew Fisher
Was acclaimed by every well-
wisher,

But sadly to tell,
His government fell
Through a cabinet split (not a
fissure).

A prime minister fine Joseph Cook
Said, 'I'll run this land by the book.
Not the Bible, you fools,
But my own set of rules!'
No wonder the country went crook.

When Billy Hughes went to
Versailles,
He didn't see quite ailles to ailles,
With each head of state
He met *tête-à-tête*,

While demanding his slice of the
pailles.

That superior chap Stanley Bruce
Had ideas that were rather obtuse.

When he started to rage,
Like a bear in a cage,
His visage would turn a deep puce.

That busy prime minister, Scullin,
Found statutes that needed some
cullin’.

He said his belief
Was to keep it all brief,
And some laws needed voidin’ and
nullin’.

That Tasmanian tiger, Joe Lyons,
After hearing the jibes and the
whines,

 Said, 'Parliament, true,
 Is a bit like a zoo,
And some of the members are
swines.'

When kindly and solemn Earle
Page

Was asked did he ever engage
 In a lowly position,
 He made this admission:
'At school I played Bottom on
stage.'

When Menzies sold scrap to the
Japs,
He said, ‘They seem decent chaps,’
But then it returned,
As bombs and things burned.
He shouldn’t have done it, perhaps.

Artie Fadden, we’ve almost forgot,
As PM he had a lean trot.
But he had a nice style
For a very brief while,
For that reason we liked him a lot!

Our wartime PM was John Curtin,
With Uncle Sam he started flirtin’.
He said, “God Save the

King”

Has a quite pleasant ring,
But he won't save Australia, that's
certain.’

When Curtin was called to the Lord
His successor became Francis
Forde.

For a week and a day,
A quite short delay,
Then Ben Chifley took up the
sword.

Ben Chifley had leadership skill.
We remember that train driver still,
For, through the dark days,

He found many ways
To nurture the Light on the Hill.

Train driver Ben Chifley was
pained
When they said no degree he had
gained.

For the qualification
For running this nation
Was to be just like he was, 'well-
trained'!

I remember the era, don't you,
When voters to Menzies were true.
Gee things were stable,
And Australia was able

To doze for a decade or two.

Harold Holt said, 'I'll go all the way,

With my Yankee pal, Lyndon B.J.'

But 'twas too far for him

When he set out to swim,

And he hasn't been seen to this day.

Some called John McEwen just
'Mac',

Which he didn't consider too slack,

For he said he preferred

That nice-sounding word

To hearing the nickname 'Black Jack'.

John Gorton displayed some
perversity,
And in wartime and peace showed
diversity;

Whether up in the air
Or in parliament's chair,
He flew in the face of adversity.

Here's to Billy McMahon, good
upon ya!

To the far right he always would
con ya!

But in the US
He bought a new dress,
Exposing the left side of Sonia.

‘It’s Time,’ said Gough Whitlam,
‘and this’ll

Make the hairs on all rednecks
bristle.’

And social reform
For a time was the norm,
And afterwards came the dismissal.

Malcolm Fraser decided to try
To get in by denying supply,
And, with John Kerr’s
defection,
He won an election
And became our PM by and by.

Bob Hawke often said with a grin

‘Arrghhh ... I’ll do what I can just to win!’

So he promised the world
But not much unfurled
After voters had voted him in.

That fiscal reformer Paul Keating
Gave the Liberal mob quite a
beating.

He stole their ideas
For a couple of years
And his insults do not bear
repeating.

John Howard was down on his
knees,

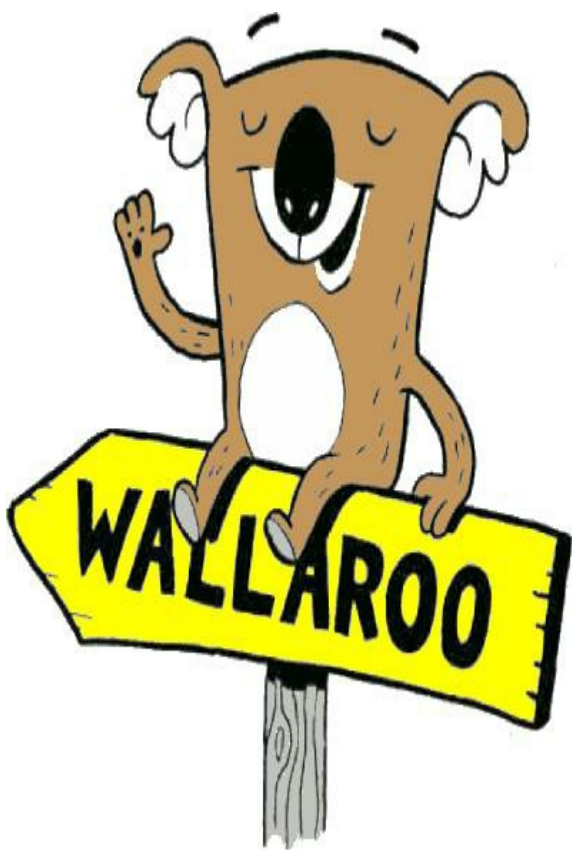
Praying, ‘Send me some more
refugees,
 So I can revile ’em
 For seeking asylum
And win an election with ease.’

In Kevin Rudd’s mind ever-
forming,
Amongst all of the thoughts in there
swarming,
 Were ideas neverending
 To stimulate spending
And stop the globe and economy
warming.

Julia Gillard arrived on the scene

And decided to wipe the slate
clean.

It seemed Kevin Rudd
Was a bit of a dud
And therefore he was
‘Gillardteened’.



AUSSIE PLACES (‘G RATED’)



This chapter is the book I intended to compile originally: a collection of limericks about Aussie placenames. About half the following limericks are either adapted or cannibalised from traditional limericks, while the others are original. These are the clean ones; there is another collection of rude ones later on.

I tried not to include too many painful distortions of placename pronunciations just to get a good rhyme or joke, but I didn't always succeed. There are a few places where you have to stress an odd syllable to make the scansion work.

So friends won't feel neglected, I tried to find a limerick about every place in Australia where I've lived for more than twelve months. Sydney was easy: there are a heap of limericks about Sydney which all end in the fairly dreadful rhyme 'didn't he?', for example:

A Japanese tourist to Sydney

Had a yen for the best steak and
kidney.

He became overweight

And died as he ate.

Overdid steak and kidney, didn't
he?

Here are the country towns where I lived
and worked as a teacher, just so they'll
know I didn't forget:

As I walked down the street at
Menindee

I unluckily stepped on a bindi

Which had such a long prong

It went right through my thong!

Boy, did I kick up a shindy!

It's remarkably easy to tell
I taught lotsa kids in Inverell.

For now they're all grown
It's quite widely known
They can't read well or write well,
or spell.

A barmaid working in Gunnedah
Just bought a new blouse and a
wonderbra,

And the pub's doing well
For the male clientele
Stay longer to ponder what's under
thar!

I tried but couldn't find the rhymes to
finish my Tamworth limerick — this is
as far as I got with it:

In Tamworth there lived an old
miss
Who'd never been given a kiss.
She drank port for her heart
Till it caused her to ... belch,
And she swore that she'd stay off
the ... drink.

Maybe my Tamworth friends can find the
elusive rhymes I need. Wagga Wagga
was easier:

‘Excuse me,’ I said to a jogger,
‘Where in Wagga can I find a
logger?’

He said to me glumly,
‘Out near Gumly Gumly,
And never call Wagga Wagga
Wagga’

When it comes to my mythical hometown
of Weelababarak, the town drunk has a
limerick:

Weelabarabak’s dipso called Dan
Is a derelict drunken old man.
If he can’t get beer
He drinks metho, I hear,

Though I'm darned if I know how he can.

As you read through this section, just consider how lucky you are to live in a country with such great placenames. Over six hundred indigenous languages and dialects was a good start, I guess. Because of the diversity of these languages we get a great variety: the plural double names (Kin Kin, Wagga Wagga, etc.), the lovely Nyungar names that end in '-up' from Western Australia, and the musical names like Warrumbungle and Parramatta. After the Aboriginal names we have the good old British names like Windsor and Port

Lincoln, the Celtic placenames such as Inverell and Glenrowan, and then the nice colonial ones like Tailem Bend and Yorkey's Knob.

So here they are. Sorry if your town missed out: look in the dirty section further on or write one of your own and send it to me for edition three.

A bumbling bushie from Adelong
Could ride anything with a saddle
on!

But in a canoe
He hadn't a clue
Tho' we told him he's holdin' his
paddle wrong!

Old Alfred, from Alfred Cove,
Is a colourful old cove, by Jove!

With a pink kitchen sink,
Purple curtains, I think,
And his stove, in the alcove, is
mauve.

You'll certainly like Aratula
Tho' in summer you might like it
cooler.

When evening comes
The locals beat drums
And get cooler by dancing a hula!

Said a printer from Armidale way,
'There's nothing that I can't

portray!’

But the copy he wrote,
Of a ten-dollar note,
Was so good he is now in Long
Bay.

A chap from the Artesian Basin
Declared with some slight
animation,

‘Like our water, I’m sure,
My love-life is pure,
(With only slight adulteration).’

There was a strange lady from
Attadale

Whose obsession was simply to pat

a whale.

She said, 'I'd love to pat
A male whale that's fat
And then pat a male that's a fatter
whale!'

One Easter in a café in Austinmer
I asked, 'What's a hot cross bun
cost in here?'

Said the waiter, 'Oy vay!
Please be on your way!
We do not sell buns that are crossed
in here!'

Once an old miser from Ayr,
To save on the cost of a fare,

Sent himself to Newcastle
In a brown paper parcel.
They stamped him, but he didn't
care.

A yarn spinner living near Baan
Baa
Kept all his yarns in a yarn jar.
He said, 'I'll go to town
And spread 'em around
As soon as I can start me darn car!'

When the Queen came to old
Balaklava,
Her accent was 'terribly rather'.
It was all 'scowns and jarm'

And ‘just call me ma’am’.
It was all just a bit ‘how’s ya
father’!

There was a young man from
Balmain
Who was thought to be slightly
insane.

When his girlfriend said,
‘Kiss me,
And mind you don’t miss me,’
He asked for a fortnight to train.

There was a young bird from
Balmain
Who declared she had men on the

brain.

But you knew from the view
Of her waist as it grew
It was not on her brain that they'd
lain.

Said a bimbo from Balwyn, 'I think
This coat I've been given is mink.
I hope that it is,
If it isn't, gee whizz,
There's going to be quite a stink!'

A flea and a fly from Barcoo
Were sprayed with some aerosol
goo.

Said the fly, 'This is death!'

But the flea held his breath,
Till his tiny face coloured quite
blue!

A long-suffering fellow from Bargo
Had a wife who was quite a virago.
So he drugged her and sacked
her
And packaged and packed her
Off to Peru, labelled 'cargo'.

A Bass bloke thought he was a
whizz
With girls, so he tried kissing his.
She said, 'It can't be,
'Less you're stronger than me,

An' darling, I'm sure that you is!'

There once was a man from
Blackheath

Who sat on a pair of false teeth.

He rose with a start

And said, 'Bless my heart,
I've bitten myself underneath!'

There was an old bloke from
Bodalla

Whose face had turned a deep
yalla.

It wasn't disease,

He just ate too much cheese.

That was the cause of his palla.

A home brewer from Bogan Gate
Drank his own brew and so
tempted fate.

From his deathbed
He cheerfully said,
‘It must have been something I ate.’

There’s an old maid who lives at
Bondi

And she is so painfully shy
That she turns out the light
When undressing at night,
For fear of the All-Seeing Eye.

There was a young lady from Boort
Whose legs were excessively short.

When combing her hair
She would stand on a chair
And lean on the back for support.

A cricketing fellow from Boort
Took Laxettes in a game and was
caught,
Not by the keeper,
Mid-off or the sweeper,
The way he was caught was caught
short!

There was a young lady from
Bowen
Who was always late comin' and
goin'.

So she poured turpentine
Down the back of her spine
And lit out for places unknown.

I met an old fellow at Breeza
Called Caesar, who lived in a
freezer.

He told me, 'It's nice,
If you like ice!'
I thought, 'Geeze you're a silly old
geezer!'

A circus performer from Breeza
Had an act with a lady called Lisa.
When this nubile girl
Said, 'Let's go for a whirl,'

He'd seeza, trapeeza and squeeza.

In intelligence testing you might
Think every town's average, right?

Some clever, some thick,
Except down in Vic
Where there's a *whole village*
that's Bright!

A saintly young lady from Brim
Was decidedly proper and prim.
When beseeched to transgress
She would never say yes,
But would piously warble a hymn.

A lady from near Brindabella

Kicked a fella and broke his patella
When he tried to sell her
A yellow rosella
And she wanted a yellow corella.

A blonde from Brunswick, sweet
lamb,
Decided to travel by tram.
When she embarked
The conductor remarked,
‘Your fare?’ And she said, ‘Yes, I
am!’

Brisbane is quite a fine city,
With sunshine and flame trees, so
pretty.

The bridge is real long,
And the river don't pong,
If you don't live there, that's a pity.

The Barrier Reef fishing bans
Made a whole school of tuna make
plans

To swim there and stay
But they went the wrong way
And they ended up where? Why, in
Cairns!

A dentist who lives in Campania
Said, 'Don't be alarmed — I won't
pain yer.'

But his technique was crude

And the yells which ensued
Shattered windows all over
Tasmania.

In Canberra, where pedants belong,
One said to me once, ‘Something’s
wrong!

For it’s clearly absurd
To think that a word
Like *abbreviation*’s so long!’

Politicians in Canberra’s fair city
Tax to the max without pity.

Then they all take
A ‘golden handshake’
And stash it away in their kitty.

In Australia there's towns to
confound ya,
And strange-sounding names to
astound ya.

As Frank Daniels said,
With his face turning red,
'Why's Can-o-windra called
Canowndra?'

A Canowindra fellow named Joe
Had a hangnail upon every toe
And corns and bunions
The size of onions.
He can walk, but he's terribly slow.

A fat fellow from Captains Flat

Was fatter than that, really fat!
He guzzled and gobbled,
When he walked it all
wobbled

And it still wobbled after he sat.

A fellow who lived at Carinda
Found his house burnt to a cinder.

‘Oh dear me,’ he said,
‘My wife may be dead.’

But it seems she’d jumped outa the
winder.

When served with his drink in
Ceduna

A tourist, who’d ordered a

schooner,

Said, ‘What’s with the middy?

I’m from the city,

I want one that’ll get me drunk
sooner!’

A fettler who worked at Chullora
Was a phenomenal snorer.

When he went to bed

The neighbours all said,

‘Here comes the southern Aurora.’

A teetotal winemaker from Clare
Had plenty of money to spare.

So when told that his wine

Was not fit for swine,

He replied, ‘Why the hell should I care?’

There was a old fellow from
Clunes
Who lived on a diet of prunes.

He ran like a flash
For the 100 yard dash,
And left the world record in ruins.

A voracious old fellow from
Clunes
Ate immoderate numbers of prunes,
Only pausing to take
Pickled onions and cake
In the mornings and mid-afternoons.

A midget from near Cockatoo
Wanted to live in a shoe.

Size six was too small,
So he went down the mall
And bought a size ten, with a view.

If ever you're in Come-By-Chance
Give it more than a mere passing
glance.

Take enough time
To recite this 'ere rhyme
And shake the ants outa your pants.

Opal miners resemble the mole,
In Coober Pedy they live down a
hole.

At Lightning Ridge too
That's what miners do
But they come up at night for a
stroll.

A tough town is old Coober Pedy,
The home of the needy and greedy
Where they say there is no pal
Compared to an opal.
And are they correct? Yes, indeedy!

A Coral Sea diver named Pete
Said, 'My theory is almost
complete,
If I make some plunges
And remove all the sponges,

The sea will be deeper by feet.’

A old fiddler from Croydon Park
Liked fiddling best in the dark.

When people asked why,
He said, ‘Well, I’m shy,
When the light’s on I just lose my
spark.’

A codger from Cudgee once cried,
‘I think that I’m dying,’ and died.

The coroner said,
‘This old codger seems dead.’
Which he was, as this rhyme has
implied.

An unlucky young chap from
Culgoa

Was once cruelly cut up in a
mower.

He could sing merrily

In the key of high C

But just couldn't get down any
lower.

Said a joker from old Cunnamulla,
'Now you can't joke about race or
colour,

Political correctness,

With all its perfectness,

Is making my life a lot duller!'

A cricketing captain of Devonport
Discovered one day he was seven
short.

He said, 'We're just four,
We need a few more.'

The three agreed, 'We need eleven,
sport.'

An old drover near Dirranbandi
Was really bow-legged and bandy.

'Twas a nuisance, of course,
But when riding a horse
He found that it came in quite
handy.

Said a plasterer's mate from

Doncaster,

‘I can plaster much faster than
master

 Tho’ my new plaster blaster’s
 A fast plaster caster,
It’s disaster if I plaster faster!’

Said the mayor of the town
Dunedoo,

‘Your dunny jokes are nothing new.
 Such words are a waste,
 And in really bad taste,
The impression they give is untrue.’

It seems that new Duntroon recruits
Find their bottoms just keep doing

toots

For they breakfast at six
And with their Weetbix
They always have several fruits.

When visiting folk in Euabalong
It's the custom that you take a slab
along,

For they do like a drink,
So it's wise too, I think,
If you want to go home, take a cab
along.

There was an old man from
Eugowra
Who went for a day trip to Nowra.

He wanted to see
The sea, see? 'Cos he
Had never been further than Cowra.

There's a fellow who paints out in
Forbes,
He daubs and he daubs and he
daubs.

But he can't seem to finish,
'Cos his paint is too thinnish,
And his canvas simply absorbs!

Some Furracabad folk, I've heard,
Think the name of their town is
absurd,

While others will state

That they think it's just great.
(I think it sounds like a rude word!)

There's a family I know at Garah,
When they go anywhere they go far,
For Garah's a long way
From most places, I say,
It's a good job they've got a fast
car.

Said a singer from down in
Geelong,
'With my talent I cannot go wrong!'
But the bankruptcy court
Got rid of that thought
And sold him all up for a song.

That Bill guy who lives out at
Gilgai

Sang too high till he was an ill guy.

The doctor said, ‘Bill,

Your singing’s too shrill,

Here’s a pill, try less shrill singing,
Bill. Bye!’

A lass at a place known as Gin-Gin
Said, ‘Us local girls are quite thin-
thin,

’Cos,’ she said, ‘for our tea

We eat mango (fat-free)

And nothing that comes from a tin-
tin.’

Two religious girls, Avis and
Mavis,
Were hopelessly lost in Glen
Davis,

So they prayed and implored,
‘We’re in Glen Davis, Lord!
It’s Avis and Mavis! Please save
us!’

Glenelg puts a smile on my face,
With the sea and the sun and the
space,

Wish it was my home,
It’s a fine palindrome.
Spelled backward it’s still the same
place.

Kissing cousins from out at Glen
Iris

Said, 'If you admire us, hire us.

Kissing can't tire us.

Want kissing? Wire us,
Then fire us if you catch a virus.'

There's a festival up in Gogango
Where Queenslanders worship the
mango.

So go if you can go,
You find all the gang go,
Grab a mango and then go and
tango!

Wanda, a girl from Golconda,

Would let her mind wander and
ponder.

Was her boyfriend true?

Or was he fonder of Sue?

Or Rhonda, who lived over
yonder?

A gold Coast surfer named Dwyer
Really liked playing with fire.

One night in the dark

He swam with a shark,

And his voice is now two octaves
higher.

A poetic young lady from Goshen
Once received her first view of the

ocean.

With consummate awe
She knelt on the shore
And wept salty tears of emotion.

A daring young driver from Gove,
A peculiar sort of a cove,
Once in his van drove
Right into the mangrove
Where no other man drove, by
Jove.

A fellow from great Keppel Isle
Put his dirty socks all in a pile
And said with a wink,
‘These really do stink!

Think I'll go outside for a while.'

A young bloke from Gulargambone,
His hair with his gear liked to tone.

But his constant dyeing
His wife found so trying
She left him to dye all alone.

A bushman from Gwabegar way
Seldom had something to say
And, when he spoke,
He told the same joke ...
Day after day after day.

A lonely old bachelor from Hay

Found a banned magazine, so they
say.

Notwithstanding his age
He perused every page
And left for the city next day.

Said a very rich cockie from Henty,
'I'll spoil the family now I have
plenty.'

And how did he spoil it?
With a new indoor toilet,
And a lifetime supply of Glen 20.

A miserly man from Hines Hill
Bluntly refused to sign 'is will.
He said, 'I won't spend it,

Or send it or lend it!
When I die it'll all be mine still!’

There once was a fellow from
Hobart

Who went everywhere in a go-cart
And the ladies gave chase
’Cause this young fellow’s
face

Resembled the late Humphrey
Bogart.

Hobart is just a bit older,
And they reckon their forebears
were bolder.

They’ve got an old bridge,

And you don't need a fridge,
'Cos of all of our cities, it's colder!

An elephant living at Huskisson
Only comes out to feed when dusk
is on.

He says, 'I prefer dusk,
For I've only one tusk,
And folk might see which side my
tusk is on.'

A nice little girl from Iluka
Is highly renowned as a puker.
But one day she'll grow up
And no longer throw up.
It don't do no good to rebuke 'er.

You tell me you've never seen
Ivanhoe.

Well, you could look everywhere,
high and low,

And you'll never find
People so kind.

Honest, you really should try and
go!

A patriotic young person from
Jandakot

Declared that he liked his homeland
a lot.

If 'Advance 'Stralia Fair'
Was played anywhere,
He'd stand and he'd sing with the
band a lot.

A paranoid from Jerramungup
Was highly strung, strung-out and
strung-up.

He said, 'Everyone, see,
Is looking at me!

I can never hang out I'm so hung-
up!'

At Kalgoorlie there's quite a fine
miner

And at digging there's no miner
finer.

In two years and a day,
He's dug all the way

To just due south-west of North
China.

There's a cranky old cow in
Karuah,
And if you do anything to 'er,
She'll tiptoe around,
While you're sleeping sound,
And fill your front yard with
manure!

A macadamia mademoiselle
For a Kingaroy peanut once fell.
No ifs and no buts,
She just went quite nuts,
Yes, she really came out of her
shell.

If at Kingston a lobster was born

And at Karumba they spawned a
big prawn,

And then mated the two,

Would the offspring they grew
Be ‘probster’ or would they be
‘lawn’?

My Aunt Maude has left Kirribilli
For she said that she always felt
silly

When she gave her address.

Now, you’ll never guess,
She’s moved up to Indooroopilly.

My ex-friend Kevin from Kongwak
Came to stay with me once, not so

long back,

And took stuff from my house,

The miserable louse.

He still hasn't given one thong
back!

There's an old lady from

Kununoppin

With whom you should never go
shoppin'.

She'll hit you, by golly,

With her shoppin' trolley.

She leaves everyone cursin' and
hoppin'.

A kindly old couple from Kurri

Kurri

Are very reluctant to hurry-scurry.

Wherever they go

They go really slow,

And let other drivers in Kurri
worry.

I once met a lady from Larras Lee
And offered to take her to Paris
free.

Well, she couldn't resist,

But she said, 'I insist

That you do nothing there to
embarrass me.'

An uptight old maid from

Launceston

Was prey to acute indigestion.

Said the doc, 'There's a cure,
A compress of manure,
Not compulsory, just a suggestion.'

An old lady from Leura once said,
'When I die, I shall die in my bed.'

Her resolve notwithstanding
She went out on the landing,
And proceeded to die there instead.

That little lass, Lily from Lilli Pilli,
Is scatty and runs around willy-
nilly.

'She behaves,' Mother said,

‘As if dropped on her head.
In fact she is rather a silly-billy.’

A cunning old crim from Long Bay
Studied grammar by night and by
day.

Then changed all the functions
Of verbs and conjunctions,
And shortened his sentence that
way.

When a lovely young lady from
Louth caught
A small fish while fishing at
Southport,
A man right beside her

Began to deride her
Small catch, till she said, ‘shut ya
mouth, sport!’

They may not have Circular Quay,
But in Melbourne they’re smug, for
you see,

When it comes to football,
They’re the envy of all,
And they do have the old MCG.

A bloke from Menindee, Joe
Starling,
Had a wife who was crabby and
snarling.

In a voice quite sincere

He said, 'I've an idea ...
Just go jump in the River ...
Darling.'

I travelled Queensland in various
styles,
And these metrics I've mastered
with smiles,
But I travelled all day
The kilometres way,
And I still finished up here in
Miles.

There's nothing much at
Mirrabooka,
The locals play darts or play

snooker.

But, once a year,
There's excitement, I hear,
When they get out the cards and
play euchre.

On a skateboard outside Monkey
Mia,
This bloke just went higher and
higher.

He fell, sad to say,
In a distressing way,
Now he sings in the local girls'
choir.

A simple young lass from Mount Isa

Married a miserable miser.

So she suffered starvation

And poor education

Till divorce made her fatter and
wiser.

A miser from Mudgee named Hare
Had a glass eye that he used to
wear.

But he'd no flamin' sight

With it in, left or right!

Made him wish he had bought the
full pair.

Said a shearer from Mudgereebah,
'I never once cried out for tar!

For as long as I shore 'em
I never once tore 'em,
Well, leastways not here in the bar.'

Said a fellow who left Murray
Bridge
To go mining up near Lightning
Ridge,

 'This heat is a bitch!
 When I strike it rich,
The first thing I'll buy is a fridge!'

Among all the folk in New Norfolk
There certainly are a few poor folk.
 There are rich folk as well
 And, if we go to dwell

In New Norfolk, then there'll be
two more folk.

On Norfolk Island it's easy to gaze
At mountains and islands and bays,
And each thing in sight
Is such a delight
I could live there the rest of my
days.

Norfolk Island is quite a green isle,
Where folk live in a quite languid
style.

Christians, Quintals and
Adams,
The sirs and the madams,

'Twould surely make old Fletcher smile.

A tiresome man from North Shore,
When his girlfriend said, 'I adore
The rolling blue sea,'
Replied, 'I agree
It's pretty. But what is it *for*?'

A precocious young lady from Nyah
Once burnt her clothes in a fire.
When asked for a reason
She replied, 'It's the season;
In summer clothes make me
perspire.'

I once took a trip to Lake Eyre
And found that the landscape was
bare.

So I thought, 'Doesn't matter,
I'll try Oodnadatta
And see if there's anything there.'

They once had a robbery in
Ottaway
And most of the criminals gottaway
Except for one bloke
Whose bicycle broke
When one of its pedals was
shotaway.

A fellow from Paraburdoo,

Who had precious little to do,
Sat on the back stairs
And counted his hairs:
Eight hundred thousand and
seventy-two.

There once was a person from
Perth
Who was born on the day of his
birth.

He was married, they say,
On his wife's wedding day,
And died when he quitted this
Earth.

An expert on finance from Perth

Said, 'My advice, for what it is
worth,

Is keep for yourself
The bulk of your wealth,
And spend it while you're here on
Earth.'

A gluttonous lady from Perth,
With problems relating to girth,
Found anorexia
Left her much sexier,
Improving her sense of self-worth.

Said a certain young lass of Port
Huon,
'I've got no time for billin' and

cooin’.’

When a local boy said,
‘Hi! Can’t we get wed?’
She curtly replied, ‘Nothin’ doin’!’

A fellow who lives in Port Lincoln
Spends most of his leisure time
drincoln.

Port Lincoln society
Abhors insobriety
And shuns him as he’s always
stincoln.

A philosopher midget taught
thinkin’,
But cops found him drunk in Port

Lincoln.

He said, 'Unhand me, please!

I'm the new Socrates!'

But they thought him a minor caught
drinkin'.

A harp-playing lady called Quiddle
Was trapped by a cloudburst at
Riddel.

As she floated away

Her poor husband, they say,

Accompanied her on the fiddle.

A young housewife from Rankin
springs

On her fingers wore too many rings.

When she lost them while
cooking
She had to keep looking
Where hubby might pass the darn
things.

At Rose Bay the nobs all reside.
When a matron there recently died,
They placed her feet first
In a very grand hearse,
So she'd have a more comfortable
ride.

An obnoxious old fellow from Sale
Sent out poison pen letters by mail.
With delusions of fame

He appended his name,
And ended, quite rightly, in gaol.

A sad Christmas tale from
Sapphire,
About Santa in bright red attire:
Down the chimney halfway
We heard Santa say,
‘For God’s sake, please put out the
fire!’

A marsupial male from Sofala
Is a terrible snorter and snarler.
With his big extra thumb
And his fat hairy bum
Obviously he’s a he-type koala!

A neophyte farmer from Speed
Had a goat that was badly knock-
kneed.

So he gave it a brew
Of gunpowder and glue
As the *Goat Breeder's Handbook*
decreed.

‘My trousers!’ said poor Syd from
Sydenham,

‘I foolishly left half a quydenham.

So be a good wife,

Don’t cause any strife,

Just tell me where you’ve bloody
hydenham!’

There was a young fellow named
Sydney
Who drank till he ruined his kidney.
It shrivelled and shrank
As he sat there and drank,
But he had a good time at it, didn't
he?

Beautiful old Sydney town
Has a harbour and bridge of
renown,
While that poor Melbourne
lot,
All that they've got
Is a river that runs upside down.

A boring wine buff from Tanunda
Is the most boring fellow
downunder.

 In all the Barossa
 There's no bigger tosser,
If he has any friends ... it's a
wonder.

A musical maestro from Tassie
Plays Bach's baroque pieces real
jazzy,
 Which always offends
 His musical friends,
So he hasn't got many friends, has
he?

A single mum from Toganmain
Called her seven sons 'Bruce', all
the same.

When asked how they knew
Who she was talking to
She said, 'Simple, I use their last
name.'

At Tom Price a visiting Pom
Asked a question which fell like a
bomb.

He said, 'I may be new,
But tell me, please do,
Which one of these fellows is
Tom?'

At the showground at Tullibigeal
I went up on the big ferris wheel.
But halfway around
I looked at the ground
And it cost me my five-dollar meal.

Some people must climb Uluru,
They say to admire the view.
I don't have that desire,
I'd rather admire
The view with Uluru, too.

There's a bikie from near
Unanderra
Known as 'The Unanderra Terror'.
But I've met him twice

And he seems so nice!
That ‘Terror’ to me seems an error.

A Victorian said, ‘Oh, my dears!
Our state has the Queen’s name,
three cheers!’

A Queenslander bright
Said, ‘That sounds pretty right,
She’s been dead over one hundred
years!’

There once was a woman of
Waikerie
Who, in Waikerie, built a big
bakery.
She didn’t bake bread,

Just sweet things instead.
Now her bakery's Waikerie's
cakery.

If ever by chance you are goin'
Out west to the town of Wandoan,
Save yourself trouble, please,
Do not pack your skis,
Wandoan is not known for snowin'!

A young man from near
Warrumbungle
Went off to explore in the jungle,
Where he lost both his knees
To a dreadful disease,
A disease which was viral, not

fungus.

A cockie from Western Australia,
On his dunny had painted a dahlia.

 The colours were true,
 Red, white and blue,
But the fragrance was somewhat a
failure.

A burglar who worked in Whyalla
Had a face of extraordinary pallor.

 And a cop died of fright
 When he caught him one night,
And got a posthumous medal for
valour.

In a new zoo just near Wooroloo,
There's two emus and one
kangaroo,

 A few potaroo,
 And a cockatoo too,
Gee, it pongs when they all do a
poo!

An old woman from Woronora
Is the world's most powerful
snorer.

 She registers seven,
 And peaks at eleven,
On the Richter scale — hard to
ignore 'er.

Two drunks staggered home late in
Wungong.

Said one, 'I can't talk! Where's me
tongue gone?'

Then the more drunken one
Said, 'To hell with your
tongue!

Look up in the sky! Where's the sun
gone?'

Two blokes from out near Wyuna
Went fishing at sea to catch tuna.

When a fish pulled them in
They said with a grin,
'There's lots of things we'd have
done sooner.'

An oddly shaped girl from Yaapect
Was renowned for the size of her
feet.

At a party or dance
People queued for a chance
Of using each foot as a seat.

A fellow who lived in Yan Yean
Was surely the thinnest man seen,
For his daily diet
(I suggest you don't try it)
Was restricted to just one canned
bean.

A young couple from Yarrawonga
Were arguing 'bout who was

stronger.

Said the girl to her beau,

‘C’mon, ’ave a go!’

So he did, he let rip and he donged
her.

There is a young man of York
Plains

Who will never come in when it
rains.

He seems to forget

That rain makes him wet

But he never was noted for brains.

There’s a couple retired in Zanthus
Who did shows in the circus with

panthers.

From the time they were young

They kept all the dung,

Now they use it to grow

agapanthus.



THE DIRTY
SECTION





SUGGESTIVE



It is well recognised that a primary purpose of the limerick is to discourse on matters improper. Roistering, boozing and sexual behaviour have long been favoured and favourite topics for limericks; indeed, they were there long before Edward Lear gave the form some respectability. For many of us this is indeed the primary purpose of the limerick:

Into space that is quite economical,
The limerick packs laughs
anatomical.

But the good ones I've seen
So seldom are clean
While the clean ones so seldom are
comical.

The ones in this section are quite mild by modern standards, belonging mostly to the 'nudge-nudge, wink-wink' school of humour. They rely mostly on innuendo (which, until recently, my friend Russell Hannah thought was Italian for 'suppository') and that 'terrible "double ontong"' for which the fellow from Hong Kong was quite rightly gaoled in the first

limerick included here.

A lyricist once in Hong Kong
Was gaoled just for writing a song.
 It wasn't the rhyme
 For which he did time
But his terrible 'double ontong'!

A bather whose clothing was
strewed,
By winds that left her quite nude,
 Saw a man come along
 And, unless we are wrong,
You expected this line to be lewd.

When you were nearly sixteen,

On your very first date, as a teen,
At the pictures, I bet,
You can't recall yet
The movie that was on the screen.

Said Grandma, 'It's not that we're
old,
But the fires burn low, so I'm told.
Hope Grandad remembers
That poking the embers
Will keep away some of the cold.'

A publisher went off to France
Looking for tales of romance.
A Parisian lady
Had stories so shady

That the publisher made an
advance.

To Paris some visitors go
To see what no person should
know.

But there are some tourists,
The purest of purists,
Who say it is quite *comme il faut*.

They say there's a girl in Detroit,
At kissing she's very adroit.

She can pucker her lips
In a total eclipse,
Or open them out like a quoit.

Despite her impressive physique
Fatima was really quite meek.

 If a mouse showed its head
 She would jump into bed,
With a terrible bloodcurdling sheik.

There was a young lady from Rye
With a shape like a capital I.

 When they said, 'It's too bad,'
 She learned how to pad.
Which shows you that figures can
lie.

A Lamborghini once gave up its
heart

To a Porsche who sure looked the

part.

It purred, ‘Classy lassie,
I’m mad for your chassis!
I’d just love to give you a jump
start.’

A pious young lass from Gibraltar
Averred as she knelt at the altar:
‘If boys ask me to sin
I shall never give in,
Except to that nice one called
Walter.’

A housewife called out with a
frown
When surprised by some callers

from town,

‘In a minute or less

I’ll slip on a dress.’

But she slipped on the stairs and
came down.

Have you heard the rumour that
Mona

Goes around in a sheer black
kimona?

Don’t think for a minute

There’s anything in it,

Anything much except Mona.

God gave orders but Eve wasn’t
heedin’,

On an apple she just started feedin';
Then she gave one to Adam,
Who said, 'Thank you,
madam.'

They then both skedaddled from
Eden.

There once was a fellow named
Brett,
Loved a girl in his shiny Corvette;
I know it's absurd
But the last that we heard
They hadn't untangled them yet.

Said a man, of his small Mini
Minor,

‘For petting, it couldn’t be finer.
But for love’s consummation
A wagon called station
Would offer a playground diviner.’

While out on a date in his Fiat,
The man exclaimed, ‘Where is my
key at?’

As he started to seek,
His girl, with a shriek,
Said, ‘That’s not where it’s likely
to be at!’

A young secretary named Valerie
Started to count every calorie
Till her boss, in disgust,

Said, 'Lose half your bust
And you're going to lose half your
salary!'

There was a young lady named
Kate

Who necked in the dark with her
date.

When asked how she fared,
She said she was scared,
But otherwise things were first-
rate.

After one drink she said that she
wouldn't.

After three drinks she said that she

shouldn't.

After five drinks she said

He could take her to bed.

But they had a sixth drink and they
couldn't!

There was a young fellow named
Dice

Who remarked, 'They say bigamy's
nice.

Even two are a bore,

I'd prefer three or four,

For the plural of spouse, it is
spice.'

Said the doc in the dock, 'Here's

my version,
I didn't use any coercion!
 Why I simply did
 Just as I was bid!
Nurse told me to make an
insertion!'

Twin beauties once dwelt by the
Bosphorus,
Curvaceous, with eyes bright as
phosphorus!
 The sultan adored 'em,
 But couldn't afford 'em
Both, so they said, 'You must
tossphorus!'

Sexual enjoyment is great!
When you're old it is said to abate.
It may well be so,
But I wouldn't know,
'Cos I'm only seventy-eight.

There was the most terrible fracas
When a hot-tempered whore from
Caracas
Caught her beau, a band
leader,
With a dark senorita,
And violently kicked his maracas.

My sister would not be disgraced,
She fled from all lovers in haste.

It went rather well
Till one day she fell.
She sometimes still dreams that
she's chaste.

There once was a man from
Bombay,
On a slow boat to China one day,
Got stuck at the tiller
With a lovesick gorilla
And China's a bloody long way!

When Mabel, accoutred in sable,
Disports herself up on the table,
Her ultimate fling
Reveals everything,

Including the furrier's label.

A poorly paid young stenographer
Got cash from a backyard
photographer.

And her pretty pudenda
Was used to engender
More cash for an online
pornographer.

A nudist resort in Benares
Took a midget in unawares.
But he made members weep
For he just couldn't keep
His nose out of others' affairs.

My aunt told me this and I thank
her.

She once slept while her ship lay at
anchor

And awoke in dismay

When she heard the mate say:
‘Hi! Hoist up the top-sheet and
spanker!’

An ancient old flasher called Mort
Before a stern judge was once
brought.

Said the judge, ‘Let us see
This *Exhibit B.*’

But it just wouldn’t stand up in
court.

Watching parliament, from the press
gallery,
Is a pregnant young staffer, called
Valerie,

And she knows which senator
Is the likely progenitor,
And she's expecting an increase in
salary!

An old cowpoke once, with a
hernia,
Said to his doctor, 'God dernia,
When fixing my middle
Make sure you don't fiddle
With things that do not concernia.'

Said a calendar girl name of
Gloria,

‘So the men can enjoy real
euphoria,

 You pose as you are

 In Jan, Feb and Mar,

Then in April they wanna see
moria.’

Cried lovely young Molly McFee,
‘I’m as chaste as a woman can be!’

 But to judge from the guys
 Swarming ’round her like
 flies,

That’s spelled c-h-a-s-e-d.

An elderly roué named Clyde
Took an eighteen-year-old as a
bride.

They took the old lecher
Out on a stretcher,
But Clyde had a smile when he
died.

A famous theatrical actress
Often plays the role of
malefactress.

To her hubby she's true,
Except for a few
Affairs and flirtations, for practice.

An amorous maiden antique

Locked a man in her house for a
week.

He entered her door
With a shout and a roar,
But his exit was marked by a
squeak.

There was a young lady of Kent
Who said that she knew what it
meant

When men asked her to dine,
Gave her cocktails and wine
—

She knew what it meant, but she
went.

A fine trapeze artist named Bract
Is faced by a very sad fact.

Imagine his pain

When, again and again,
He catches his wife in the act!

A delighted, incredulous bride
Remarked to the groom at her side,
‘I never could quite
Believe, till tonight,
Our anatomies *would* coincide.’

As a plump girl got out of a car,
She committed a dreadful *faux pas*
When she loosened a stay
On her *décolleté*,

Thus exposing her *je ne sais quoi*.

There once was a girl called
Rosetta

Who fancied herself in a sweater.

Three reasons she had:

To keep warm was not bad,
But the other two reasons were
better.

Concerning the bees and the
flowers

In the fields and the gardens and
bowers,

You will note at a glance
That their ways of romance

Haven't any resemblance to ours.

‘My dear, you’ve been kissing
young Fred,’

A much-worried mother once said.

‘Since six, it’s now ten.

Do it just once again,

And then think of going to bed.’

A rascal far gone in lechery
Lured maidens to doom with his
treachery.

He invited them in

For the purpose of sin,

Though he said ’twas to look at his
etchery.

There was a young lady of Lynn
Who thought all lovemaking a sin.
But when she got tight
It seemed quite all right,
So everyone plied her with gin.

There was a young girl from St
Paul
Wore a newspaper dress to a ball;
But her dress caught on fire
And burned her entire,
Front page, sporting section, and
all.

There was a young lady named
Smith

Whose virtue was mostly a myth.
She said, ‘Try as I can
I can’t find a man
Who it’s fun to be virtuous with.’

A girl who was no good at tennis,
But at swimming was really a
menace,
Took pains to explain,
‘It depends how you train,
I was once a streetwalker, in
Venice.’

While toasting the bride at the
wedding
A small tear the best man was

shedding.

His gift was a mockery,
For he'd given her crockery,
When he wanted to give her some
bedding!

A charming young madame called
May
Was conceived on the Rue de la
Paix.

She can name you her ma,
But, as for papa,
As they tell you in France, '*Je ne
sais*'.

There's a journalist who's a

disgrace,
Writes lies till she's blue in the
face.
They flow from the pen of her!
If she had an enema
She'd vanish with never a trace.

There once was a girl of Siam
Who said to her lover, young Kiam,
 'If you take me, of course,
 You must do it by force,
But God knows you are stronger
than I am.'

There was a young girl of
Darjeeling

Who could dance with such
exquisite feeling

Not a murmur was heard,
Not a sound, not a word,
Except fly-buttons hitting the
ceiling.

With her favours Miss Maine was a
miser,
She said that no man could surprise
her.

But one did I fear,
He plied her with beer
And now she is sadder Budweiser.

There was a young woman from

Thrace

Whose corset was too tight to lace.

Her mother said, ‘Nelly,

There’s more in your belly

Than ever went in through your
face.’

There was a young Scotsman
named Andy

Who went to a pub for a shandy.

When he lifted his kilt

To wipe what he spilt,

The barmaid said, ‘Blimey, that’s
handy!’

There was a queer lady named

Harris

Whom nothing could ever
embarrass,

Till the bath salts she shook
In a bath that she took
Turned out to be plaster of Paris.

When I asked an old crofter on
Skye

What he did in the winter, and why,
I received an offensive,
Obscene, comprehensive,
Monosyllabic reply.

There was a young man of Bengal
Who went to a masquerade ball

Arrayed like a tree,
But he failed to foresee
His abuse by the dogs in the hall.

*Une très jolie fille de Dijon
Dit a son ami, 'Pas si bon!
C'est que votre technique
N'est pas fantastique.
Car vous êtes Toulouse et Toulon!'*

There was a young lady of Nantes,
Très jolie et très elegante.
And, though it was neat,
Her thing was petite
And could just fit *la plume de ma
tante!*

In the rest home a dirty old bloke
Took out his dick for a joke.

One gran gave a shout,
Another passed out,
And one, who was near, had a
stroke.

An ex-submariner, Guido,
Had a tremendous libido.

When he was around women
He couldn't go swimmin'
'Cos he'd nowhere to store his
torpedo.

A lad and his lady begat
Triplets, Nat, Tat and Pat.

They had fun in the breeding,
But trouble in feeding,
When they found there was no tit
for Tat.

Rebecca, a silly young wench,
Went out on the Thames to catch
tench.

When the boat was upset,
She exclaimed, I regret,
A five-letter word, and in French!

A fanatic gun-lover named Crust
Was perverse to the point of
disgust.

His idea of a peach

Had a sixteen-inch breech,
And a pearl-handled .44 bust.



FOREPLAY



The limerick form is
complex,
Its contents run chiefly to
sex.

It burgeons with virgins
And masculine urgins,
And swarms with erotic
effex.

There are several interesting innovations evident in this chapter, one being a limerick which has some additional lines. It was written by that lover of limericks, Norman Douglas. I hope you enjoy it when you come to it.

It became briefly popular at the end of the nineteenth century to add lines to the limerick and experiment with the form. Changing the classical form of the limerick is not something I approve of at all.

How to write a limerick, you say,
Well, the first two lines rhyme,
anyway,

Then lines three and four,
Must rhyme (as before),
And if you don't have a rhyme
To end the the fifth line,
Keep going ... you'll find
An idea comes to mind ...
You'll think of something ... okay?

Just not good enough, is it?

My editor reminds me here that I actually wrote a few limericks for this collection where the same rhyme is used throughout. It appears these are considered aberrations of some kind, a view I consider pedantic in the extreme!

A limerick's easy to write
Five lines with a humorous bite
And the first two must rhyme
With the last one each time
While the middle two, paired, make
it right.

So, my all-lines-rhyming limericks are
perfectly kosher! Aren't they?

Five rhymes are so hard to achieve
In the limerick's delicate weave.
And yet you perceive
They're not 'true' I believe!
Such pedantry's hard to conceive.

To moralists, sex is a sin,
Yet nature suggests we begin.

She arranged it, no doubt,
That a fellow juts out
Just where a damsel juts in.

There was an old maid of Pitlochry
Whose morals were truly a
mockery,

For under the bed
Was a lover instead
Of the usual porcelain crockery.

A modern young lady named Hall
Attended a birth-control ball.

She took all her accessories,

French letters and pessaries,
But nobody asked her at all.

A stripteaser up in Fall River
Caused a sensitive fellow to
quiver.

The aesthetic vibration
Caused ecstatic elation,
Besides, it was good for his liver.

There was a young lady called
Florence
Who for kissing professed great
abhorrence.

But, when she'd been kissed
And found what she'd missed,

She cried till the tears came in
torrents.

There once were two people of
taste
Who were beautiful down to the
waist.

So they limited love
To the regions above,
And thus remained perfectly chaste.

An effeminate fellow from Lincoln
One night did some serious
drincoln,
Met a gal, now his wife,
Learned the true facts of life,

And blesses the day he got stincoln.

A Turk named Abdullah Ben Barum
Had sixty-five wives in his harem.

When his favourite horse died,
‘Oh Allah,’ he cried,
‘Take a few wives instead, I can
spare ’em.’

There was an old maid of
Vancouver

Who captured a man by manoeuvre.
She jumped on his knee
With some rare *eau de vie*,
And nothing on Earth could remove
her.

If intercourse gives you thrombosis,
While continence causes neurosis,
I prefer to expire
Fulfilling desire
Than live on in a state of psychosis.

O'er Emma's white bosom there
leaned
The face of a low-minded fiend,
So she yanked up his head
And sarcastically said,
'Haven't you ever been weaned?'

In the Garden of Eden lay Adam
Complacently stroking his madam,
And he chuckled with mirth

For he knew that, on earth,
There were only two balls, and he
had 'em.

A libidinous lady from Leicester
Never minded when first dates
undreicester.

Who knows what
posseicester?

But, if you impreicester,
She just loved to let you
moleicester!

A chap from west of Cologne
Said, 'My wife has turned into
stogne.

I'm out of my mind,
For I simply can't find
One slightly erogenous zogne.'

A lisping young lady named Beth
Was saved from a fate worse than
death

Seven times in a row,
Which unsettled her so
That she quit saying 'No' and said
'Yeth'.

I like just a tad of asymmetry,
It adds to a breast a sublimity ...

A little more heft
Right tit or left

I enjoy with bemused equanimity.

My wife often shows her right
breast

To traffic cops, just as a test.

And when it's detected

It's usually inspected

And they *never* do make an arrest.

‘Your new husband’s quite a fine
mister,’

Her mother remarked as she kissed
her.

‘He’s sure to be fun

To live with, that one,

Since tea he’s goosed me and your

sister.’

There was a young girl of West
Ealing

Who claimed to lack sexual feeling.

Then a cynic named Boris

Just *touched* her clitoris,

And she had to be scraped off the
ceiling.

There is a Girl Guide who’s not
scared

To remain with her nether parts
bared.

When asked why, she pouts,

And says the Boy Scouts

All beg her to please ‘Be
prepared’.

There was a young girl of Dumfries
Who said to her man, ‘If you
please,

It would give me great bliss
If, while playing with this,
You would pay some attention to
these.’

There was a young lady of Exeter,
So pretty that men craned their
necks at her.

And one was so brave
As to take out, and wave,

The distinguishing mark of his sex
at her.

In wartime a lady of fashion,
Much noted for wit and for passion,
Is known to have said,
As she jumped into bed,
‘Here’s one thing the bastards can’t
ration.’

There was a young fellow called
Lancelot
Who neighbours all looked on
askance a lot.
Whenever he’d pass
A nice piece of arse

The front of his pants would
advance a lot.

When I asked a virgin named
Mabel

She replied, 'I don't know if I'm
able,

But I'm willing to try,

So where shall I lie?

On the bed or the floor or the
table?'

One night a young knight from
Parma

Got into bed with a charma.

She, naturally nude,

Said, ‘Don’t think me rude,
But shouldn’t you take off your
arma?’

There once was a young girl from
Norway

Who hung by her feet from the
doorway,

Which worked out quite well

’Cos when you rang her bell

It actually turned out to be foreplay!

or

There was a young lady of Norway
Who hung by her toes in a doorway

And said to her beau,
‘Darling, don’t go!
I think I’ve discovered one more
way!’

Have you heard of bow-legged Sam
Guzzun,
And Samantha, his poor knock-
kneed cuzzun?

Tho’ some people say
That love finds a way,
For Sam and his cuzzun, it duzzun.

There was a young maid of Peru
Who swore she never would screw,
Except under stress

Of forceful duress,
Like: 'I'm ready. How about you?'

'Would you please,' asked a girl
from Azores,
As my hand lingered inside her
drawers

(And one, just as quick,
Encircled my prick),
'Remove those two hands, they're
both yours!'

A TV announcer named Herschel
Had habits a bit controversial.

When out on a date
He always would wait

Until ten, then insert his
commercial.



HISTORY, SCIENCE AND THE ARTS



This brief section contains limericks about characters from history and literature, like Cleopatra and the emperor Tiberius, Darwin and Descartes, the Wizard of Oz and Monica Lewinsky.

Cinderella and Oedipus Rex,
Mozart and I-don't-know-who next,
Captain Hook and Genet,
Even Gandhi, you say!
And there's quite a few here about
sex.

The only real unifying factor is that these
limericks are all about characters whom
we generally know, or have heard of,
and they aren't Australian.

Mind you, many limericks written
for other reasons contain perfectly sound
scientific information from which we
can learn a good deal. Take the very
politically incorrect old limerick:

There once was a lady named
Starky

Who had an affair with a darkie.

The results of her sins

Were quadruplets, not twins,
One black and one white and two
khaki.

Very poor taste, I know, but it's always occurred to me that this limerick is an accurate demonstration of Mendelian genetics and the inheritance probabilities of homozygotic and heterozygotic characteristics, although I freely concede that this may not have been part of the writer's original intention. Of course a limerick like this

is far too politically incorrect to be included in this collection.

Another use of the limerick for scholarly amusement has been the paraphrasing of great literature or scientific theories. A wonderful recent example of this is the paraphrasing (often attributed to author and renowned Egyptologist Robert Conquest) of Jaques' 'seven ages of man' speech in *As You Like It*, act II, scene VII. In case you don't recall it verbatim, Shakespeare wrote:

... At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's
arms;

Then the whining school-boy, with
his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping
like a snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the
lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful
ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow.
Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded
like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick
in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And
then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon

lin'd,
With eyes severe and beard of
formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern
instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth
age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd
pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch
on side;
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a
world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big
manly voice,
Turning again toward childish
treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last

scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful
history,
Is second childhood and mere
oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste,
sans everything.

Which was paraphrased and reduced to
a mere five lines as:

Seven ages: first puking and
mewling
Then very pissed off with one's
schooling,
Then fucking, then fights,

Then judging chaps' rights,
Then sitting in slippers, then
drooling.

See what the limerick can achieve in
scholarly hands?

There are a few 'in-jokes' involved
in this section, of course — so if you
don't get the Descartes or the Oedipus
joke, you can phone a friend. If you don't
get the Gandhi one, ask any man who
was at school during the 1950s or 1960s
and had to undergo a medical.

I wish to announce right now that
there is only one Monica Lewinsky
limerick in this entire book, and even
that is here against my better judgment.

The poor girl has had more limericks written about her than any other person in history. Obviously she was hard of hearing and Bill Clinton was feeling bilious after a badly cooked meal. What he said was, ‘Can you please hold my calls and sack my cook?’ The rest is history.

So, there is only one Lewinsky limerick here, in the interests of social curiosity. The rest are on the Internet, in case you can be bothered.

If the Greeks had *Penthouse*
magazine,
How different things might have
been.

Oedipus Rex

Could have learned about sex
Alone, without bothering the queen.

Said Oedipus Rex, growing red,
'Psychiatrists! Wish they were
dead!

They say I'm a dummy
Because I love Mummy.
Well, should I love Daddy
instead?'

According to old Sigmund Freud
Life seldom is so well enjoyed
Than when spent in coition,
In any position,

With the genital organs employed.

There once was a sculptor named
Phidias

Whose manners in art were
invidious.

He carved Aphrodite
Without any nightie
Which startled the ultra-fastidious.

Pygmalion said, 'I'm afraid
I've fallen in love with my trade.

I'm much too elated
With what I've created
And, chiefly, this woman I've
made.'

Hamlet's mate, randy Horatio,
Took his girl Delia out on the patio
And said, 'Listen here, Delia,
I'm getting Ophelia
If you will not practise fellatio.'

A Tolkien fanatic called Robert
Had a wet dream involving a
hobbit.

Quite pleased with himself,
He was chasing an elf
When Gandalf appeared and said,
'Stobbit!'

While Titian was mixing rose
madder,

His model reclined on a ladder.

Her position, to Titian,

Suggested coition,

So he leapt up the ladder and had
'er.

Cinderella slipped off to the dance
And dropped off her slipper by
chance.

She got it back from the prince

And I believe he has since

Got successfully into her pants.

As Mozart composed a sonata

The maid bent to fasten her garter.

There was no delaying;

He started in playing
Un poco piu appassionata.

When Charles Darwin had an
erection
He declined to use any protection,
Or to discriminate
In his choice of a mate,
In the interests of natural selection.

A mathematician named Hall
Has a hexahedronical ball,
And the cube of its weight
Times his penis, times eight,
Is his phone number, give him a
call.

If we read a sports medicine
treatise,
There are many odd facts that may
greet us.

Did you know, by the way,
That some young girls today
Are developing athlete's foetus?

A young herbalist doctor from
Burma
Heard his fiancée starting to
murmur.

So now that they're married
he's
Using cantharides
And the root of his love is much
firmer.

A nurse with her boyfriend erect
Used a stethoscope to great effect.
She said, 'I hear humming
Whenever you're coming,
Because of the doppler effect!'

While looking around for a queen,
Napoleon, Emperor Supreme,
Said, 'I'd rather squeeza
Maria Louisa
That fondle that cow, Josephine.'

A young violinist in Rio
Was seducing a lady named Cleo.
As she took down her panties,
She said, 'No *andantes*,

I want it *allegro con brio!*'

A saxophone player named June
Arrived at rehearsal too soon.

A bloke from the band
Put his flute in her hand
And it changed to a contrabassoon!

An old architect once displayed
A home built for the Marquis of
Sade,

But he left town next day
And the reason, they say,
Was the queer way he had the house
maid.

A poet I know goes on cruises,
And long moonlight walks with the
Muses.

But these nymphs of the air
Now let down their hair,
And the practice has led to abuses.

Fletcher Christian loved women
exotic,
They affected him like a narcotic.
As they lay in his arms
He succumbed to their charms
And Tahitian gymnastics erotic.

Two moments in Captain Hook's
past

Are memories which leave him
aghast.

A visit quite vile
From that big crocodile,
And that time he was wiping his
arse!

When the celibate Mahatma Gandhi
Awoke with a stiffy, a dandy,
He cried, 'Fetch a cold spoon,
And fetch it real soon!
Any kind of a spoon you have
handy!'

There was a young monarch called
Ed

Who took Mrs Simpson to bed.

As they bounced up and down,

He said, ‘Bugger the crown,

Give the thing to my brother
instead!’

The Marquis de Sade and Genet
Are highly regarded today,

But torture and treachery

Aren’t my style of lechery,

I’ve given my copies away.

Thomas Beecham, his voice like a
ratchet,

Cut a poor cellist down like a
hatchet.

‘You have ’twixt your thighs,
My dear, a great prize,
And yet you just sit there and
scratch it!’

Said a Munchkin, ‘It made my hair
curl,
The most hideous sound in the
world.

Grinding, tearing and shearing,
And there, in a clearing,
Was the Tin Man, with a tin girl!’

In Oz once a very brave lizard
Took a bite from the arse of the
Wizard.

When he died as expected
A post mortem detected
High cholesterol count in his
gizzard.

Cleopatra, the Queen of the Nile
Seduced Romans using her guile.
Of course she was cunning,
But her tits were quite
stunning
And so was her vertical smile.

When Cleopatra met Julius Caesar
She guessed he was dying to
squeeze her.

In his hurry to charm her,

He threw off his armour
To show her a thing that might
please her!

There once was a gal named
Lewinsky
Who played on a flute like
Stravinsky.

'Twas 'Hail to the Chief'
On a flute made of beef,
Then wipe all the stuff off your
chinsky.



THOSE BARMY BRITS



When you read the limericks in this section you will be gripped by an overwhelming desire to put on a plummy accent.

Indeed, their ‘Britishness’ makes these limericks a lot funnier than they deserve to be. I suspect that Aussies still have a secret affection for things that are very British, especially when it comes to

our sense of humour. The nostalgic, ‘old-world’ feel of many of these limericks is nicely juxtaposed against the inappropriateness of the subject matter. Where else would you find phrases like ‘is my eyesight becoming defective’ and ‘whose views were exceedingly narrow’ except in the dear old limerick? Long may it reign.

A society climber from Crewe
Inquired, ‘What on Earth shall I do?
I of course know what’s what
But I fear I have not
The faintest idea of who’s who.’

A father was driving a car
Quite slowly, when son said,
‘Papa,
 If you drive at this rate,
 We’re bound to be late,
Drive faster!’ ... He did ... and
they are.

There was a young lady of Crewe
Who wanted to catch the 2.2.
 Said a porter, ‘Don’t worry,
 Or hurry, or scurry,
It’s a minute or 2.2.2.2.’

There was once a commander
named Harrison

Who stationed his troops in a
garrison;

And there they would languish
And mutter with anguish,
‘Attila was kind, by comparison.’

There was an old lady of Harrow
Whose views were exceedingly
narrow.

At the end of her paths
She built two bird baths
For the different sexes of sparrow.

There once was a duchess I knew
Who always bit oysters in two.
For she had a misgiving,

Should any be living,
They'd raise such a hullabaloo.

To an artist a husband named Bicket
Said, 'Turn your backside, and I'll
kick it.

 You have painted my wife
 In the nude to the life.
Do you think for a moment that's
cricket?'

There once was a spinster from
Ealing
Endowed with such delicate feeling
 That she thought any chair
 Should not have its legs bare,

So she kept her eyes fixed on the ceiling.

‘I must leave here,’ said Lady de Vere,
‘For these damp airs don’t suit me,
I fear.’

Said her friend, ‘Goodness
me!

If they do not agree
With your system, why eat pears,
my dear?’

There was a young lady of Kent
Who always said just what she
meant;

People said, ‘she’s a dear,
So unique, so sincere.’

But they shunned her by common
consent.

I sat next to the duchess at tea,
It was just as I feared it would be.
Her rumblings abdominal
Were simply phenomenal,
And everyone thought it was me!

There once was an old man of
Lyme
Who married three wives at a time;
When asked, ‘Why a third?’
He replied, ‘One’s absurd!

And bigamy, sir, is a crime.’

There was a young lady of Wilts
Who walked to the Highlands on
stilts.

When the locals said,
‘Shocking,
To show so much stocking!’
She answered, ‘What about kilts?’

An eccentric fellow named Cole
Had notions uncommonly droll.
While onlookers booed
He’d pose in the nude
On top of a telegraph pole.

There was a young lady from
Tottenham

Who'd no manners, or else she'd
forgotten 'em.

At tea at the vicar's

She took off her knickers,
Because, she explained, she felt hot
in 'em.

That gentle old dame, Lady Muir,
Had a mind so delightfully pure

That she fainted away

At a friend's house one day

When she saw some canary manure.

Every time Lady Lowbodice

swoons

Her bubbies pop out like balloons;
But her butler stands by
With hauteur in his eye
And lifts them back in with warm
spoons.

I hear that dear Lady Worcester
Complained that too many men
goosed her.

Now she's traded her scanties
For sandpaper panties,
They goose her much less than they
used ter.

There was a young man of high

station

Who was found, by an outraged
relation,

Making love in a ditch

To ... I won't say a bitch ...

But a lady of no reputation.

There was a young lady from Joppa
Who came a society cropper.

She went to Ostend

With a gentleman friend ...

And the rest of the story's
improper.

A complacent old don of divinity
Made boast of his daughter's

virginity.

They must have been dawdlin'
Down at old Magdalen,
It couldn't have happened at
Trinity.

Said the duke to the duchess
elective,
'Is my eyesight becoming
defective?

Is the east tit the least bit
The best of the west tit?
Or is it my lack of perspective?'

When I asked the colonel at tea
Just what an 'eggplant' might be,

He replied, ‘Well, young man,
I suppose that you can
Look up a hen’s arse and you’ll
see.’

When Daddy and Mummy were
plastered,
And their shame was not properly
mastered,
They told their son Harry,
‘We never did marry,
But don’t tell the neighbours, you
bastard!’

There was an old lady from Kent
Who farted wherever she went.

At the Home-builders Fair,
When she dropped a few
there,
They plugged up her arse with
cement.

Connoisseurs of coition aver
That most British girls never stir.
This state of inertia
Is unheard of in Persia!
It depends what response you
prefer.

Of a wounded war hero I sing
Coming home from the war in the
spring.

Oh, he may have been lame
But he came just the same,
A discharge is a wonderful thing!

My artistic aunt, Antoinette,
Inspected me through her lorgnette.
‘Your prick’s unsurpassed!
I must take a cast!
It’ll make a superb statuette.’

My English girlfriend’s appealing,
Though mostly she stares at the
ceiling ...

But once she did say,
As she read *Woman’s Day*,
‘Could you do it once more, please,

with feeling?’

At parties you should see our mum,
She’s the reason why all the folk
come.

When she’s in the mood
She strips to the nude
And beats a bass drum with her
bum.

The major’s a dirty old beast,
Keeps rubbing his penis with yeast.
He says, ‘It’s a pain
But it might rise again,
So I’ll give it a good chance at
least!’

A very fit bloke from East Anglia,
Whose sinews were masses of
ganglia,

Got older and slower
While there, down below,
His balls grew progressively
dangler.

A surly and pessimist Druid,
A defeatist, if only he knew it,
Said, ‘The world’s on the
skids
And I think having kids
Is a waste of good seminal fluid.’

A rich English widow from

Brighton

Said to her new butler, Crichton,

‘You give better service

Than my old butler, Purvis,

As you leave the room do put the
light on.’

The Dowager Duchess of Howell

Examined a turd from her bowel

And proclaimed, rather
miffed,

That she never had sniffed

An item so fetid and foul.

Lord Snotnose was brought up to
think

That his upper-class turds didn't
stink.

But he changed his beliefs
When he shat in his briefs
And washed them himself in the
sink.

As the colonel was sipping his
brandy

He got an erection, a dandy!

So he said to his aide,
'Get a young native maid,
Or a goat, or whatever is handy!'



THE CLERGY



Many clergymen have written limericks, the Reverend Charles Dodgson (Lewis Carroll) and Monsignor Ronald Knox among them. There are also limericks relating to scholarly religious matters and philosophy, but they aren't the ones we're concerned with in this chapter. For some reason there are lots of limericks about clergy — vicars, bishops, nuns, and so on. I suppose we

enjoy poking fun at those who set themselves up as arbiters of moral standards.

I may be doing my chances in the afterlife a great deal of damage here. Indeed, Frank Daniel, a good Catholic who cares about my welfare, has prepared a submission on my behalf to present at the Pearly Gates. It is, needless to say, in limerick form:

I'll say to St Pete at the gate,
'Can you save a seat for my mate?
Don't let others in
Even if free of sin,
'Cos Haynesy'll be running late.'

God's plan made a hopeful
beginning

But man spoiled his chances by
sinning.

 We trust that the story
 Will end in God's glory,
But at present the other side's
winning.

It's common that verses limerickal
So frequently seem anti-clerical,
 Each saintly old minister
 Is made to seem sinister
And filled with a lust quite
hysterical.

An Anglican curate in want
Of a second-hand portable font,
 Would exchange for the same
 A portrait (in frame)
Of the bishop-elect of Vermont.

The indolent vicar of Bray
His roses allowed to decay.
 His wife, more alert,
 Bought a powerful squirt
And said to her spouse, ‘Let us
spray.’

A resolute preacher from Kent
Averred that he said what he meant
 When he cried, ‘I maintain

That I'll henceforth abstain
From drinking from horse troughs
for Lent.'

A certain young curate from Pender
Once embarked on a glorious
bender.

With his brain in a fog
He then slept like a log
In the fireplace and in the fender.

There once was a pious young
priest
Who lived almost wholly on yeast;
 'For,' he said, 'it is plain
We must all rise again,

And I want to get started at least.'

To the nun said the priest drinking
gin,

'Drinking gin is a terrible sin!

My condition is chronic

And I do need the tonic,

And something to put tonic in!'

When his sinning had led to
depression

Poor Mick went at last to
confession.

'Good Lord!' said the priest,

'Ten Hail Marys at least!

And ten more for your

indiscretion!’

An Anglican parson called Fletcher
Was suspected of being a lecher.

Could such things be true?

Did Old Fletch really do
Such terrible things? Yeah, you
betcha!

There was a young lady called Lynn
Quite lost in original sin.

When her priest said, ‘Be
good.’

She said, ‘Would if I could ...
But I’d pretty soon do wrong
ag’in.’

A gentle old lady I knew
Awoke with a start in her pew
 When the preacher yelled,
 ‘Sin!’
 She cried, ‘Count me in!
As soon as the service is through!’

A shapely young novice of
Chichester
Made all the saints in their niches
stir.

 One morning, at matins,
 Her bosom, ’neath satins,
Made the Bishop of Chichester’s
britches stir.

Astute Melanesians on Munda
Heard a padre discussing the
wunda

Of virginal birth.

They debated its worth,
Then tore the poor padre asunda.

The priests at the temple of Isis
Offer up amber and spices,
Then they nip round the shrine
And perform sixty-nine
And other unspeakable vices.

An old archaeologist, Throstle,
Discovered a marvellous fossil.
He knew from its bend

And the knob on the end
'Twas the peter of Paul the Apostle.

The bishop of Ibu Plantation
Wrote a thesis on transfiguration
For the *Christian Review*
(As all good bishops do)
While practising miscegenation.

Two tom-tits at our rectory tweet,
With wonderful warbles complete.
After listening one day,
We heard the vicar's wife say,
'I've the best pair of tits in the
street!'

There once was a preacher named
Nixon

Who'd fart as he gave benediction.

 This caused consternation;

 Said the whole congregation,

‘The arse on our parson needs
fixin’.’

The robes of the vicar of
Cheltenham

Gave him pleasure whenever he
knelt in 'em.

 So he wore them a lot

 Though they got rather hot

And the vicar of Cheltenham smelt
in 'em.

There once was a vicar from Kew
Who preached with his vestments
askew.

A woman named Morgan
Caught sight of his organ,
And promptly passed out in her
pew.

A Methodist matron named Alice
Once peed in a Catholic chalice.
But the padre agreed
'Twas done out of need,
And not out of Protestant malice.

A bishop once took to the street
And decided to be indiscreet.

But after one round
To his horror he found,
You repeat, and repeat, and repeat.

They was a gay vicar quite lewd
Who every so often got screwed.
He might have atoned
Had he only got stoned,
But to go and get screwed, that's
too rude!

There was an old maid from
Bulleen
Who crept into the vestry unseen,
Took down her knickers,
And also the vicar's,

And said, ‘How about it, old
bean?’

Church organists, Harry and
Heather,
Could not get to church in bad
weather.

When it snowed Harry said,
‘Let’s just stay in bed
And play with our organs together.’

A Salvation Army lass, Claire,
Was having her first love affair.

She climbed into bed
And reverently said,
‘I wish to be opened with prayer.’

There once was an innocent Quaker
Who had an affair with a baker.

Her first bout of lovin'
Left a bun in her oven
Which alas made the baker forsake
'er!

There was a young fellow named
Baker
Who seduced a vivacious young
Quaker.

And while he was on it,
She straightened her bonnet,
And knelt to give thanks to her
maker.

There was a young girl of Odessa,
A rather unblushing transgressor.

When sent to the priest
The lewd little beast
Began to undress her confessor.

There was a young novice called
Nell

Who tripped in the chapel and fell.

As the habit she wore
Quite audibly tore
Nell audibly swore, ‘Bloody Hell!’

Our vicar had terrible luck,
Our Sunday School class ran amok!
In the midst of his talk

He dropped all the chalk,
And everyone heard him say,
‘Bother!’

There once was an abbot of
Brittany
Who chanted this desolate litany:
‘If Christ is the Source
Of Divine Intercourse,
Then how come I don’t ever
gitany?’

A randy old parson from Leicester
Seduced the young organist,
Heicester.

He kissed and careicester,

Undreicester, posseicester,
And, when he was finished, he
bleicester.

There once was a priest from
Siberia
Whose motives were very ulterior.
He'd done to a nun
What he shouldn't have done,
And now she's a Mother Superior.

or

A renegade priest from Liberia,
Whose morals were clearly
inferior,

Once did to a nun
What he shouldn't have done,
And now she's a Mother Superior.

A stipend's enough to get by on,
And the vicar's wife's quite nice to
lie on,

But she thinks it rude
To have sex in the nude,
He has to keep both his coat and his
tie on.

There once was a priest on a spree
Who went into an alley to pee.

'Dominus Nobiscum

Oh why don't the piss come?

I pray it's not C-L-A-P!

Oh Father, I have a confession.

I have this awful obsession

That men of the cloth'll

Soon open a brothel ...

And I want the condom concession.

There once were three lasses from
Birmingham

And this is the story concerning
'em.

They lifted the frock

And tickled the cock

Of the bishop involved in
confirming them.

There once was a virgin from
Devon
Deflowered by a party of seven
 High Anglican priests,
 The libidinous beasts!
Of such is the kingdom of Heaven.

There was a young lady from
Crewe
Who said, as the bishop withdrew,
 ‘The vicar was quicker
 And slicker and thicker
And two inches longer than you!’

There once was a nun in the choir
Who gave in to the bishop’s desire.

She said, 'It's a sin,
But now that it's in ...
Could you shove it a little bit
higher?'

Whenever a nun's feeling wild
She keeps herself quite undefiled.
By thinking of Jesus,
Contagious diseases,
And the bother of having a child.

There once was a priest from
Gibraltar
Who buggered a nun on the altar.
'Now look what you've
done!'

Exclaimed the old nun.
‘You’ve gummed up the leaves of
the psalter!’

An alcoholic old monk
Lost all self-control as a drunk.
He took off his habit
In front of the abbot
And covered his sandals in spunk.

There once was a bishop of
Birmingham
Who fiddled with girls while
confirming ’em.
To roars and applause,
He pulled down their drawers

And pumped some episcopal sperm
in 'em.

There once was a chaplain at Kings
Whose mind dwelt on heavenly
things;

But his secret desire
Was a boy in the choir,
With a bottom like jelly on springs.

From the depths of the crypt at St
Giles
Came a scream that resounded for
miles.

Said a priest, 'Goodness
gracious!

Has Father Ignatius
Forgotten the bishop has piles?’

A clerical student named Simms
Hums liturgical tunes while he
rims.

A nice piece of ass
Gets the B Minor Mass,
But the others, plain Anglican
hymns.



BUMS AND BLOW-OFFS



We have now reached the toilet humour, fart and poo section. Indeed, you may be reading this book *in* a toilet. I'm sure many people will. When I first went to live west of the Great Divide there were still a lot of outdoor dunnies in use and they were universally known by bushies as 'the library'.

Any book that is made up of small,

supposedly amusing bits is quite a good choice for the toilet. Books are sometimes placed there for other purposes too, of course. If you have found this book in a toilet, do me the courtesy of assuming that it is there to be read. Leave the pages intact, please.

When you feel a fart deep within,
To let it stay in is a sin!

Move your belly about
Till it finds its way out,
And make sure that you're wearing
a grin.

My grandmother went to the closet

And paid her penny deposit
But, when she got there,
She could only puff air,
Which wasn't a penny's worth, was
it?

It was either by fate or design
I sat next to the duchess to dine.
Though her farts were all
silent,
The aroma was violent
And everyone thought they were
mine.

As Tarzan swung through the air
The natives all saw his bum bare,

So they went to complain
And convinced his wife, Jane,
To give him her undies to wear.

When Merlin, the wonderful
wizard,
Has a terrible pain in his gizzard,
He takes Epsom salts
With snow, which results
In a fart and a fog and a blizzard.

A flatulent actor named Martin
Led a life most exceedingly
spartan.

Till a playwright one day
Wrote a well-received play

With a part in for Martin to fart in.

There was a young girl of La Plata
Who was known as a champion
farter.

Her deafening reports
At the Argentine sports
Made her much in demand as a
starter.

A clever young master of Arts
Was best known as a caster of
darts,

But, later in life,
He was known, by his wife,
As a very good blaster of farts.

There was an old bloke from
Jakarta
Renowned as the world's finest
farter.

He could fart 'Annie Laurie',
'Temptation' and 'Sorry',
And part of the 'Moonlight Sonata'.

There once was a man from
Bombay
Who ate gallons of beans every
day.

He farted so loud
He attracted a crowd,
But the smell made them all run
away.

There was an old lady of Ypres
Who got shot in the arse by some
snipers,

And when she blew air
Through the holes that were
there,

She played tunes like the Cameron
Pipers.

There once was a young Royal
Marine

Who tried to fart ‘God save the
Queen’.

When he reached the soprano,
Out came the guano,
And his britches took ages to clean.

A baritone once trained in Roma
Till his arsehole could sing ‘La
Paloma’.

But the sweetness of pitch
Couldn’t offset the hitch
Of the Roma Paloma aroma!

There was a young lady from
Purdbright
Who never could quite get her turd
right.

She only did shits
In little round bits
Just like a mouse or a bird might.

A doughty old person in Leeds

Rashly swallowed a packet of
seeds.

In a month his poor arse
Was covered in grass,
And he couldn't sit down for the
weeds.

A hapless young laddie from Poole
Had a nut on the end of his tool.

When he went to unscrew it
His dad said, 'Don't do it,
Your arsehole will fall off, you
fool!'

The fame of a fellow called Martin
Was the frequency of his farting,

Till his doctor said, ‘Mate,
You’ll ruin your date
If your bum cheeks keep closing
and parting!’

There was an old man from
Calcutta
Who was found lying dead in a
gutter.

The heat from the sun
Burned a hole in his bum
And melted his bollocks to butter.

A turd dropped by Sister Ecclesia
Reached from Capetown right up to
Rhodesia.

The cause of the dump
Was a sizable lump
Of Laxette laced with milk of
magnesia.

A pastry chef used body parts
To crimp round the edge of his
tarts.

He said, 'Fingers and dick
Help the pastry to stick,
And the sugar I dust on with farts.'

Said the duchess beside me at tea,
'I adore erudite repartee,'
So I asked, with some wit,
'Do you belch when you shit?'

She said, 'No, but I fart when I pee!'

A nuclear physicist, Bill,
Swallowed a nuclear pill.

When he started to cough.
It blew his arse off
And his bollocks are travelling
still!

A young bikie sheila called Morton
Had one rather long tit and a short
'un.

Not only that,
Her bum was so fat,
She'd a fart like an 850 Norton.

An obese young fellow named Matt
Had arse-cheeks incredibly fat.

They had to be parted
Whenever he farted,
And propped wide apart when he
shat.

There was an old fellow from
Delhi,
Who had a big pain in his belly.
He farted a bit
Then suddenly shit.
The result was disgustingly smelly.

An American tourist in France
In a toilet was taking a chance.

He was fussy and neat
And was cleaning the seat
When he suddenly shat in his pants.

After eating and drinking a bit
I went to the dunny to shit.

After underwear staining
And stretching and straining,
I thought that my arsehole had split.

There once was a bricklayer,
Howell,
Who had a remarkable bowel.

He once built a wall
With no mortar at all,
Just using — guess what — on his

trowel.

There was a young lady from
Pinner

Who dreamt that her lover was in
her.

 This excited her heart
 And she let out a fart
And out came yesterday's dinner.



ACCIDENTS



It seems that sex is a very dangerous business, and the limerick has been used over the years to document the results of the catastrophes that can occur in the course of love-making.

It is satisfying to see the limerick serving this purpose and acting as a precautionary device to prevent further accidents and mishaps.

It goes without saying that some of

the situations described in these
limericks should *not* be tried at home, or
outdoors either ... ouch!

A buxom young bunny named
Gretchen
Sold cigars at a key-club
concession.

But she knocked people out
When she swivelled about,
For her costume did not keep her
flesh in.

I knew a young lady named Claire
Who possessed a magnificent pair.
Or that's what I thought

Till I saw one get caught
On her brooch and begin losing air.

A saggy old matron named Dot
Knew, when her nipples got hot,
That her tits were adroop
In her coffee or soup,
So she'd tie them both up in a knot.

A watchmaker named Pat McGee,
So drunk that he couldn't quite see,
Wound a grandfather clock
With the tip of his cock
And rogered his wife with the key.

There was a man from Capri
Who tried to piss over a tree.

 The tree was too high
 And it fell in his eye
And now the poor bugger can't see.

I know a sad story that's fraught
With disaster — of balls that got
caught

 When a bloke took a crap
 In the woods and a trap
Underneath ... no, I can't bear the
thought!

There was a young fellow named
Menzies

Whose kissing sent girls into
frenzies,

But a virgin one night
Crossed her legs in a fright,
And fractured his bifocal lenses.

There once was a couple named
Kelly
Who walked around belly to belly
Because, in their haste,
They used library paste
Instead of petroleum jelly.

There was a young man from
Kildare
Who was doing his wife on the

stair.

When the banister broke
He just quickened his stroke,
And he finished her off in mid-air.

It has long been a custom of Frank's
To stroll along old river banks.

One time, in the grass,
He stepped on an arse
And heard a young girl murmur,
'Thanks!'

In pursuit of extreme satisfaction
The couple involved in the action
Enjoined in coition
In the oddest position.

His femur is now up in traction.

To Sadie the touch of a male meant
An emotional cardiac ailment.

An acuteness of breath
Caused her untimely death,
In the course of erotic impalement.

There once was a fellow from
Boston
Who drove round in a very nice
Austin.

He had room for his tool
And a tank full of fuel,
But his bollocks hung out and he
lost 'em.

Desperate Dan from Duluth,
Whose dick was shot off in his
youth,
 Improvised with his nose
 And his fingers and toes,
And he came through a hole in his
tooth.

There was an old man of Cape
Horn
Who wished he had never been
born.
 And he wouldn't have been
 If his father had seen
That the end of the rubber was torn.

In life there is always a catch.
An old maid rubbed her clit with a
match

And got so excited
The damn thing ignited
And burnt all the hair off her
snatch.

Nymphomaniacal Jill
Tried a dynamite stick for a thrill.
They found her vagina
Way over in China
And bits of her tits in Brazil.

or

A do-it-yourselfer named Alice
Used a dynamite stick as a phallus.
 They found her vagina
 In south Carolina
And part of her anus in Dallas.

I once thought I loved you,
monsieur,
But after tonight I'm not sure.
 You went off half-cock
 All over my frock
And left a big stain on the floor.

On a shaky bridge across a ravine
Was Archibald screwing Kathleen.
 His last forceful lunge

Caused the whole thing to
plunge.

Worst fucking disaster I've seen!

As Julia was screwing young Joel,
And taking his seven-inch pole,
She cried out, 'I'm sore,
Are you perfectly sure
That you're shoving it in the right
hole?'

A cooking instructor called Reg
Had a young student behind a hedge
When along came his wife
With a big carving knife
And cut off his meat and two veg.

A hooligan once in Calcutta
Tried to write a rude word on a
shutter.

He had got to CU
When a pious Hindu
Knocked him A over T in the gutter.

A pyrotechnician named Lockett
Was blown off his feet by a rocket.
The force of the blast
Blew his balls up his arse
And his penis was found in his
pocket.

A newlywed lady from Young
Asked the doctor to fix her torn

lung.

When asked how it ripped

She replied as she stripped,

‘The man that I married is hung!’



ANIMAL LOVERS



Bruno the Argentine gaucho has long been one of my favourite characters from literature, along with Sir Toby Belch and Falstaff. I suppose one vice is much the same as another where the limerick is concerned.

The limerick often immerses
Itself in rudeness and curses
And just once or twice

It's been used to verse vice
And more often indulge in vice
verses.

Well, here the limerick is immersing
itself in the singular vice of bestiality.
It's quite a varied menagerie too. Dogs
hardly rate a mention at all; exotic
creatures are much more fun. We begin
with a limerick about a dog which defies
categorisation. It isn't bestiality although
it is certainly in exceptionally poor taste.
It is also the only limerick I can recall
about anyone from Malta.

There was a young lady of Malta
Who strangled her aunt with a

halter.

She said, 'I won't bury her;

She'll do for my terrier.

She should keep for a month if I salt
her.'

An Argentine gaucho named Bruno
Declared, 'There is one thing I do
know,

Women are fine,

And sheep are divine,

But the llama is numero uno.'

A dusky young lady from Ghee
Built a house for herself in a tree,
But the neighbours deplored

When in time she got bored
And eloped with a large
chimpanzee.

Male squirrels, with tails in the air,
Keep collecting and never despair,
For they all know, one day
A female will say,
‘Nice set of nuts you have there!’

A female museum curator
Had a thing for a male alligator.
And though they weren't wed
She took him to bed,
But rather than mate her, he ate her.

or

A nympho zookeeper said, 'Later
I'll make love to that new
alligator.'

But no one ever knew
That the two had a screw,
'Cos after he screwed her he ate
her.

There once was a student at Johns
Who wanted to bugger the swans.
But the loyal hall porter
Said, 'Sir, take my daughter,
Them birds are reserved for the
dons.'

There was a young man of St Paul
Whose prick was exceedingly
small.

He could bugger a bug
At the edge of a rug,
And the bug hardly felt it at all.

The dog-loving Countess of Crupps
Was heard to confess in her cups,
‘An affair with a collie
Was the height of my folly,
But I got a good price for the pups.’

There was a young drover named
Gorse
Who fell madly in love with his

horse.

Said his wife, ‘You
rapscallion,

That horse is a stallion!
This constitutes grounds for
divorce.’

An Aussie girl diving off Tonga
Encountered a congenial conger.

Said her girlfriend, ‘Unreal,
How did the eel feel?’

She said, ‘Like a man, only longer.’

The sea captain’s tender young
bride

Fell into the bay at low tide.

You could tell by her squeal
That a stray passing eel
Had discovered a warm place to
hide.

Thus spake an old Chinese
mandarin:

‘There’s a subject I’d like to use
candour in.

The geese of Peking
Are so steeped in sin
They’d as soon let a man as a
gander in!’

There once was a mermaid called
Myrtle

Who had an affair with a tyrtle.
And what was phenomenal,
A swelling abdominal
Proved the tyrtle and Myrtle were
fyrtle!

There was a young person of Jaipur
Who fell madly in love with a
viper.

With screams of delight
He'd retire each night
With the viper concealed in his
diaper.

There was a young lady named
Grace

Who had eyes in a very odd place.
She could sit on the hole
Of a mouse or a mole
And stare the beast square in the
face.

A bestiality fan in Uganda
Keeps, in the country, a panda,
And at home in Kampala
He keeps a koala,
And a large homosexual gander.

There once was a young man named
Cyril
Who was had in a wood by a
squirrel,

And he liked it so good
That he stayed in the wood
Just as long as the squirrel stayed
virile.

Said a young single girl from
Balmain,
As she playfully teased her great
Dane,
‘I guess that I oughter
Keep a bucket of water
Close by if I cannot abstain!’

A nubile Tibetan named Betty
In an igloo had sex with a yeti
But the heat caused a thaw

And they fell through the floor
When the yeti and Betty got sweaty.

There was an old man of Dundee
Who molested an ape in a tree.

The result was most horrid,
All arse and no forehead,
Three balls and a purple goatee.

There was an old man from Harrow
Who tried to have sex with a
sparrow.

The sparrow said, 'No,
You can't have a go,
The hole in my arse is too narrow.'

A randy young man from the Cape
Was trying to rape a young ape.

The ape said, 'You fool,
You'll damage your tool
And you're putting my arse out of
shape.'

A pussycat out on a spree
Was raped by an ape in a tree.
When she asked him to pay
The ape said, 'No way!
I always get pussy for free.'

A disgusting young man named
McGill
Made his neighbours exceedingly

ill

When they learned of his
habits

Involving white rabbits
And a bird with a flexible bill.

There was a young fellow called
Price

Who dabbled in all sorts of vice.

He had virgins and boys,
And mechanical toys,
And on Mondays he meddled with
mice.

A habit quite gross and unsavoury
Has long held the bishop in slavery.

With libidinous howls
He buggers young owls
That he keeps in an underground
aviary.

There once was a girl from Seattle
Whose hobby was sucking off
cattle.

A bull from the south
Left a wad in her mouth
That made both her ovaries rattle.

There was an old fellow called
Spiegel
Who decided to bugger a beagle.
Just as he came

He called the dog's name
And the dog said, 'You know it's
illegal!'

There once was a young man named
Gus

Who for animals had a great lust.

He buggered an owl,

Two dogs, and a fowl,

And a little green lizard that bust.

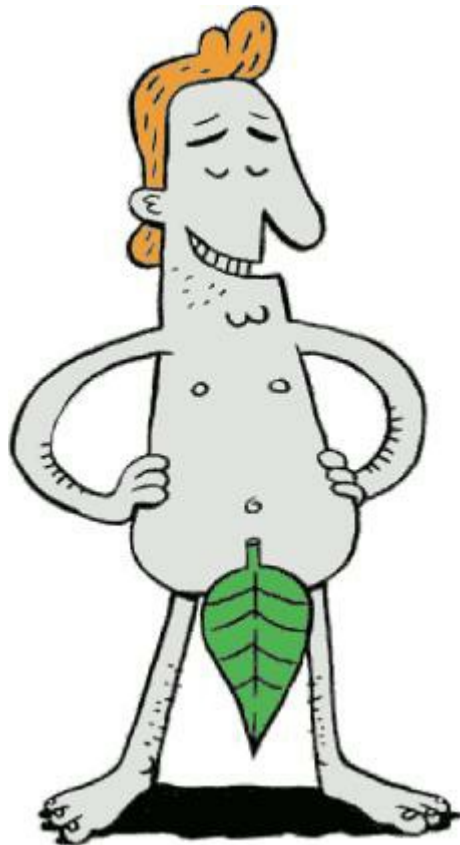
A zookeeper's wife who was hot,

Used to put lots of ants up her twat.

'Cos the sexual sensations

Caused by the gyrations

Of the anteater's tongue beat the lot.



GENITALIA



Here are all the limericks concerning the ‘wobbly bits’.

The genitals were hilariously referred to by Mel Brooks’ humorous character the two thousand-year-old man as ‘the gentles’ — ‘because when you’re fooling with those things you better be GENTLE!’

I have reversed the normal order of chivalry here and put the ladies after the

gentlemen. It just seemed right for some reason for the fellows to be ridiculed first.

When you think about the Creator's design of the human genitals, not to mention their placement, you might be forgiven for thinking that maybe humour was all part of the grand design.

There was a young sailor named
Bates
Who danced the fandango on
skates,
But a fall on his cutlass
Rendered him nutless,
And practically useless on dates.

There was a young man of Devizes
Whose testes were two different
sizes.

The right was so small
It was no ball at all,
But the left had won several prizes.

That young Scottish poet McAmter
Boasts an excessive diameter.

Tho' it isn't his size
That opens girls' eyes
But his rhythmic iambic pentameter.

A circus performer called Nick
Was blessed with a prehensile
prick.

He could swing through the
trees

With consummate ease.

'Twas really a marvellous trick.

From the harem a lonely girl calls
To a eunuch outside on the walls.

'Come in here,' she cries

And the eunuch replies,

'I would, but I don't have the
balls!'

There once was a man from Hong
Kong

Whose doodle was seven feet long.

It was bronzed when he died

For the church of St Clyde,
Where it's now the bell clapper,
ding dong!

Little Jane and her brother had
fiddled

And little Jane cried to Mum, 'I've
been diddled!'

For she found he'd a cock
While she, 'neath her frock,
Had only a hole where she piddled.

There was a young fellow named
Bliss
Whose sex life was strangely
amiss.

For even with Venus
His recalcitrant penis
Would seldom do better than
t
h
i
s.

There once was a young man of
Kent
Whose tool was so long that it bent.
To save himself trouble
He put it in double,
And instead of coming, he went.

There was a young man from Hong

Kong

Endowed with a metre of prong.

It looked, when erect,

As you would expect.

When coiled, it did not look so
long.

Said a well-endowed man, 'It's a
bore,

My tool weighs ten kilos or more.

I support the darn thing

In a surgical sling

To prevent it from scuffing the
floor.'

A poor deformed fellow called

Dove

Could never find someone to love,
He was born with five dicks
And scared off the chicks,
Though his underpants fit like a
glove.

A policeman from Tottenham
Junction,
Whose organ had long ceased to
function,
Deceived his good wife,
For the rest of her life,
With the dextrous use of his
truncheon.

With his penis in turgid erection,
And aimed at woman's mid-
section,

Man looks most uncouth
In that moment of truth,
But it's only a sign of affection.

When I was a baby, my penis
Was as white as the buttocks of
Venus.

But now 'tis as red
As her nipples instead!
It's the fault of the feminine genus!

A mechanical marvel was Bill,
He'd a tool that was shaped like a

quill.

With this fabulous dink
He could squirt purple ink,
And decorate lampshades at will.

There once was a fellow from
Goshem
Who took out his balls just to wash
'em.

His mother said, 'Jack,
If you don't put 'em back,
I'll tread on the buggers and squash
'em!'

Said Bluey, 'I'm great in the sack
For mine is twelve inches when

slack.'

Said Curly, 'You lie,
And I'll tell you why,
If it was that long, you'd be black.'

There once was a judge of Belsize
Whose bollocks were not the same
size.

He'd look at the right
With a gasp of delight,
But the left one brought tears to his
eyes.

Once I fell asleep in the sun
And my zipper somehow came
undone.

I awoke with a scream
From an erotic dream,
And my sundial said quarter to one!

When he tried to inject his huge
whanger

A pilot aroused his girl's anger.

As they strove in the dark

She was heard to remark:

‘What you need for that thing is a
hangar.’

There was a poor fellow named
Dutton

Whose balls were the size of a
button.

He had a big dong,
Some ten inches long,
But what could he do with it?
Nuttin'!

There was once a guy from New
Delhi
Who could fit fifteen girls on his
belly.

When asked how they fit,
He said, 'Tit to tit,
And gee, don't my nuts turn to
jelly!'

There was a young man from
Rabaul

Who had a hexagonal ball.

The square of his date

Plus his penis, times eight,

Was two-fifths of five-eighths of
fuck-all.

A girl who could not get enough
Had a pussy as large as a muff.

It had room for both hands

And your intimate glands,

But was soft as a little duck's fluff.

Said a woman with open delight,
'My pubic hair's perfectly white.

I admit there's a glare,

But the fellows don't care,

They locate it more quickly at
night.’

A young Scottish lass named
McDuff

Had a lovely luxuriant muff.

In his haste to get in her

One eager beginner

Lost two of his balls in the rough.

A young girl with features cherubic
Was famed for her area pubic.

When they asked for its size

She said, with surprise,

‘Are you speaking of square feet, or
cubic?’

There was a Hawaiian wahine
Whose dad was a terrible meanie.
He put a hatch on her snatch
With a catch that would latch.
She could only be had by Houdini.

A proud peasant girl from Bulgaria
Took a piss in a quite public area,
And everyone took
A really good look,
'Cos they'd never seen anything
hairier!

There was a young lady of Natchez
Who chanced to be born with two
snatches.

She often said, 'Shit!
I'd give either tit
For a man with equipment that
matches.'

When first we made love, you and
me,
You were horny as horny can be.
You produced so much honey
From your little cunny
That we had some left over for tea.

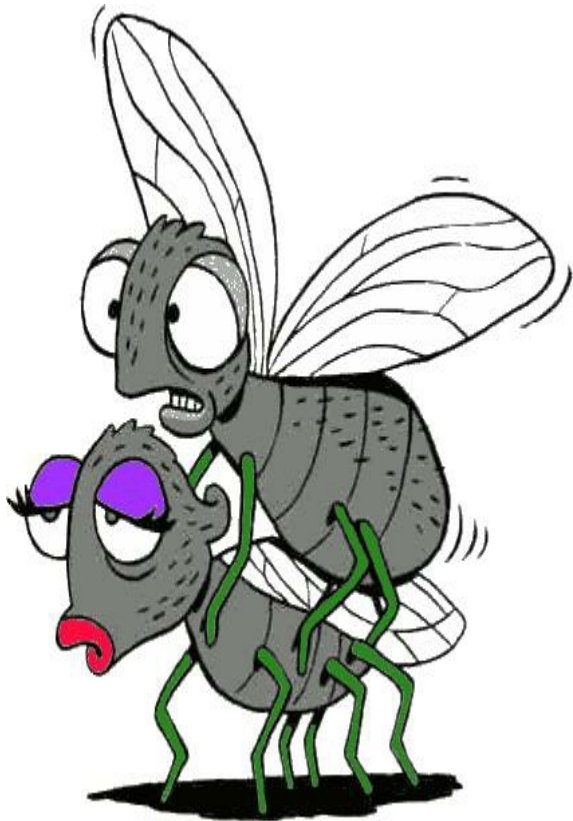
There once was a girl who'd
exploit
Her muscular skills, so adroit.
She'd contract her vagina

To a pinpoint, or finer,
And then do the same with her
quoit.

There once was a Queen of
Bulgaria
Whose bush just grew hairy and
hairier,
Till a prince from Peru
Came up for a screw,
And to find it he needed a terrier.

There once was a lass from
Bulgaria
Whose torso grew constantly
hairier.

With the aid of sharp shears,
And ignoring her tears,
Her farmer beau cleared the whole
area.



INTERCOURSE



This is what the limerick is really all about — fulfilling our prurient need to discuss sex in a way that pretends it's all just good fun!

The limerick's callous and crude,
Its morals distressingly lewd.

It's not worth the reading
By persons of breeding;
It's designed for the vulgar and

rude.

Even when a limerick isn't originally intended to be crude it is soon adapted or corrupted so that it is. While putting this collection together I have come to realise that many of the dirty ones are actually parodies of the cleaner ones. I know this was actively encouraged and practised by Swinburne and others in the case of Lear's limericks, but apparently it has been continuing ever since. This one that I remember from childhood:

There once was a lady from Clyde,
Of eating green apples she died.
Inside the lamented,

The apple fermented,
And made cider inside her inside.

Turns up in later life as:

There once was a lady from Clyde,
To six sailors she was a bride.

Guess she liked pokes
With nautical blokes,
And seamen inside her inside.

While this well-known effort, written by
American author Gelett Burgess:

I'd rather have fingers than toes;

I'd rather have ears than a nose;
And as for my hair,
I'm glad it's still there.
I'll be awfully sad when it goes.

I have found elsewhere as:

I'd rather have fingers than toes,
I'd rather have ears than a nose,
And a happy erection,
Brought just to perfection,
Makes me terribly sad when it
goes!

And those are just the tip of the iceberg.

There was an old codger named
Ben

Who had a strong sexual yen.

His problem was not

How, why or what.

But who, where and naturally ...
when.

The mortician's daughter so bad!

Said to a young virgin lad,

‘I’ll show you the way,

What do you say?

I’ve buried more stiffs than my
dad!’

A Girl Guide was having her fill

Of a Boy Scout behind a windmill.
When he cried, ‘Be prepared!’
‘I am,’ she declared.
‘All of our troop’s on the pill!’

There was a young lassie named
Ettrick
Whose body was largely
symmetric.
As well as curvaceous
She was also flirtatious
And now she has problems
obstetric.

Though his plan, when he gave her
a buzz,

Was to do what a man often does,
She declared, 'I'm a soul
With no sexual goal.'
So he shrugged and called someone
who wuzz.

There was a young girl from
Aberystwyth
Took grain to the mill to get grist
with.

The miller's son, Jack,
Laid her flat on her back
And united the organs they pissed
with.

or

There was a young girl from
Aberystwyth
Whose parents mine used to play
whist with,
And, when we were able,
We'd get under the table,
And play with the things that we
pissed with.

I met a lewd nude in Bermuda,
Although she was shrewd, I was
shrewder.

She thought it quite rude
To be wooed in the nude.
I pursued her, subdued her, and
screwed her.

There was a young man from Natal
And sue was the name of his gal.

He went one day
A rather long way,
In fact, right up Suez Canal.

A cautious young fellow named
Tunnymore
Had a whang that was worth paying
money for.

When eased in halfway,
The girl's sighs made him say,
'Yes, that's what I needed you,
honey, for.'

A compliant young girl from

Mauritius

Gave in to her boyfriend's three
wishes.

She cooked him a dinner
And then let him in her
And afterwards, she did the dishes.

The local lads all love to screw
An hermaphrodite living in Kew
'Cos he/she looks sweet
Up on the seat
Of a bisexual built for two.

They liked fish, my old dad and
mum,
And when they went fishing for

some

Mum would cry, ‘Dad, control
That marvellous pole,
Your sinkers are banging my bum!’

The heroine of this short ditty
Was had by a lad from the city.

She cried, ‘It’s a sin!’

When he put his thing in.

When he pulled his thing out, ‘What
a pity!’

A lad and an old maid from Amble
Went out in the woods for a ramble,
’Twas there the old maid
Was finally laid.

But then, of course, life is a
gamble!

A horny young lady named Gloria
Was had by Sir Gerald Du Maurier,
And then by six men,
And sir Gerald again,
Then the band from the Waldorf
Astoria.

There once was a young girl from
Gloucester
Whose parents once thought that
they'd loucester,
But they found, in the grass,
Marks made by her arse

And the knees of a fellow who'd
toucester.

There was a young lady from
Slough
Who said that she didn't know
hough.

But then she was shown,
Her erogenous zone ...
She can't get enough of it nough!

King Henry the Eighth was a Tudor,
Of our monarchs we've witnessed
fu ludor.

Each wife that he wed
He led to his bed,

Where he'd vudor, wudor and
scrudor.

A comely young widow named
Ransom
Was ravished three times in a
hansom.

When she cried out for more
A voice from the floor
Said, 'Lady, I'm Simpson, not
Samson.'

There was a young lady from Spain
Who did it, now and again.
Not 'now and again'
But 'now' and 'again'

And again and again and again’.

A very bored lass, Sally Brown,
Remarked as she laid herself down.

‘I hate to be doing
Promiscuous screwing,
But what else *can* you do in this
town?’

An innocent bride from the mission
Remarked, on her first night’s
coition,

‘So that intimate section
Is used for connection ...
And in such an awkward position!’

There was a young lass from
Belgravia
Whose beauty was sure to enslave
ya.

A further attraction
Was her double-knee action
And her wholly immoral behaviour.

There once was a girl from Madrid
Who claimed she had never been
rid,

But a bloke from Oporta,
Who thought that she oughta,
Said he could and he would ... and
he did.

The was a young lady whose joys
Were achieved with remarkable
poise.

She reached her orgasm
With scarcely a spasm
And could fart without making a
noise!

A young airline stewardess, May,
Was rated a pretty good lay.

She was screwed without
quittin'

From New York to Great
Britain.

She's a girl that has come a long
way.

A new stewardess flying United
Saw the cockpit and got quite
excited.

And after a while it
Appears that the pilot
Was smiley and highly delighted!

My mother once took in a lodger,
A happy, well-hung sort of codger.

‘You have to admire it,’
Said Mum, ‘he’s a pirate.
Well, he gives me a good jolly
roger!’

There was a young plumber of
Leigh

Who was plumbing a girl by the
sea.

Said the girl, ‘Cease your
plumbing,

I think someone’s coming.’

Said the plumber, still plumbing,
‘It’s me.’

or, en Français

There was a young plumber of
Blois

Who was plumbing a girl *dans le
bois*.

Said the girl, ‘Cease your
plumbing,

I think someone's coming.'
Said the plumber, still plumbing,
'*C'est moi!*'

Cried the bride as she started to
puff,

'Seventeen times is enough!

I understand, Cyril,

You're horny and virile,

But my pussy's all tender and
rough!'

You may not believe this, and yet,
Old women are best, you can bet.

They don't yell, tell or swell

And they're horny as hell,

'Cos it may be the last one they get!

There was a young fellow named
Skinner

Who took a young lady to dinner;
At half past nine

They sat down to dine,
And by quarter to ten it was in her.

(What, dinner?

No, Skinner!)

I said, while in bed with Annette,
A ravishing, sexy brunette,

‘Oh come first, please do!’

But she said, ‘After you!’

The dilemma of sex etiquette!

There was a young lass from
Dundee

Who offered her favours for free.

Lads honoured her offer

And were on her and off her,
And now she's the mother of three.

Girls of seductive proportions
Should take contraceptive
precautions.

Poor young Ermyntrude

Just let one sperm intrude.

Who's the best man for abortions?

There was a young lady from
Dover

Whose passion was such that it
drove her

To call as she came,
‘Oh dear, what a shame,
Now we will have to start over!’

An epileptic young girl from
Rhodesia
Is usually happy to please ya.

If she's feeling okay
She's a pretty good lay
But she's great when she's having a
seizure!



FAIR DINKUM DIRTY ONES



Here are the ‘R’ rated limericks about Aussie characters, places, attitudes and behaviours. I think they capture that essential Aussie irreverent flavour as well as, if not better than, the ones in the ‘G’ rated section.

Like those in the ‘G’ rated section, many of these limericks are written in the Aussie vernacular, but being a bit

rude makes them even more typically Australian! I'm pleased to say that many are also quite politically incorrect.

A male kangaroo tried to mate
While bounding at quite a great
rate.

Said the doe, 'It's no joke,
I can't stand a bloke
Who gets on the hops on a date!'

We once had two dunnies outside
But Mother fell down one and died.
My uncle, her brother,
Then fell down the other,
And now they're interred side by

side.

A family of farmers called Myers
Always tighten their nuts up with
pliers.

 Their neighbours, the Wilsons,
 Always use stillsons,
That's what their equipment
requires.

A young Aussie sheila in Spain
Pulled down her pants on a train.

 A young Spanish porter
 Saw more than he oughter
And asked her to do it again.

That girl down in hardware,
Matilda,
Once said to a lusty young builder,
 ‘I can find you a screw
 For each job that you do.’
And she did, and it bloody near
killed ’er!

There was a young girl from
Australia
Who painted her bum like a dahlia.
 A penny a smell
 Went down very well,
But tuppence a lick was a failure.

A young Aussie girl from Earl’s

Court

Did things that no decent girl ought.

She made men ecstatic

With talents fellatic.

She really was quite a good sport.

Auntie Val is very smart cookie,

She likes to mix gambling with
nookie.

Before a big race

She goes home to her place

And curls up with a very good
bookie.

A gay fellow from Manly was
hairy,

So hairy that he was quite scary.
But a permanent wave
And an all-over shave
Turned him into a nice Manly fairy.

Said a gardening girlie named Gail
To the boy who delivered the mail,
‘Come plant a poinsettia
And I’ll never forget ya.’
Now Gail gets her mail without
fail.

There’s serenity in isolation
If you live on a far outback station.
But few vegies and fruits,
Legumes ... and roots,

Can cause an acute constipation.

A New south Wales premier of
mark

Once felt up a girl in the dark
And exclaimed, 'Oh, by
thunder!

A natural wonder!
I'll declare it a national park!'

The bush has been wrecked by the
rabbit

Because of the doe's wanton habit
Of fast populating
By just copulating

When any male rabbit can grab it.

There once was a man from
Australia
With impressively large genitalia.
He said to his bride,
‘There’s nowhere to hide!
Anywhere in the room, I can nail
ya!’

A rugby league coach of great fame
Is quite perverted, some claim.
His teams play with fire
Because, if they tire,
He pulls them off during the game.

There was a young man from
Australia

Who painted his arse like a dahlia.
The colour was fine,
Likewise the design,
The aroma ... ah ... that was a
failure.

John Hopoate didn't deserve us
To make fun of his medical service,
He just loved checking dates
For piles and prostates,
Though it made other players quite
nervous.

There's a girl here in Sydney I
know
Who once used to date Russell

Crowe.

Now she's just a spectator,
And he's Gladiator.

Ah well, it was all long ago.

At Rouse Hill merinos were bred
And here's what the history book
said:

‘A bloke called Macarthur
Of this breed was the father.’

His mates preferred women
instead.

Malcolm Fraser was fit as a trout
And did exercise daily, no doubt,
And when in the states

He practised with weights
Till his breath came in pants (or
without).

Bob Hawke loved the limelight
(and how!),
Every word that he uttered was
‘Wow!’

Now he makes the excuse
That he’s shy, a recluse,
He must blanch at the thought of it
now.

An ambassador once with Paul
Keating
And their wives at a banquet was

eating.

Said Paul, 'What a dumb hag

Your wife is, eh, scumbag?'

His diplomacy sure took some
beating.

PMs like Paul Keating are sparse,
A man who sure showed us his
class.

When asked 'What the jiggery

Do you need with a piggery?'

He replied, 'Think I'll answer?

Pig's arse!'

In the '60s my uncle, a toff,

At us lefties would sneer and

would scoff.

When he asked how I'd vote,
I said, and I'll quote,
'I'm telling you, Uncle, fer Gough.'

John Curtin said, with some wit,
'We need friends, and the Poms are
ratshit!

I think I'd much rather
Have Dougie MacArthur,
So thanks to the Yanks, 'cos they're
it!'

'I remain a true country member
Tho' PM,' Fadden said one
September.

And some Aussies cheered
him,
While some Aussies jeered
him.

And a few said, ‘Of course we
remember!’

Granny Smith had an arthritic sore
knee,
Which got worse when her husband
was hore knee.

So, to put him to sleep,
She always would keep
Some port in the cupboard, Old
Tore Knee.

As the lift left the twentieth floor,
Abigail caught her chest in the
door.

She yelled a good deal,
But if they'd been real
I think she'd have yelled a lot
more!

Those cricketing Waughs are in
clover,
Living the life of the rover.

They're masculine, proud,
And both well-endowed,
Just two balls short of an over.



AUSSIE PLACES (‘M’ AND ‘R’ RATED)



As I stated before, I originally intended to write a collection of limericks about Aussie placenames. The clean ones are in the previous section — here are the ones rated ‘M’ and ‘R’ and a few ‘X’s, too.

Many of these are adaptations of

older limericks, and again I tried not to include too many where the placename pronunciations are twisted just to get a good rhyme or joke, but I didn't always succeed.

A farmer's wife from Aberdeen
Made love to her washing machine.
She said, 'You get high
When it starts to spin dry,
And tho' washed out you always
come clean!'

There's a song that a mate of mine
sings
'Bout a splintery old dunny and

things.

As a girl goes to sit,
He sings, with some wit,
‘I’ll bet you a quid Alice Springs.’

You can offer young Alice nice
things,

Bangles and bracelets and rings.

But you needn’t waste money,
Just say, ‘Look here, honey!’
Then flash it, you’ll find Alice
Springs.

It’s easy to make Alice Spring
’Cos Alice loves having a fling.

‘I sure do,’ says Alice,

‘Just show me a phallus,
I’ll do it with any old thing!’

A young girl from Arian Park
Went out with eight boys after dark.
Her mum said, ‘That’s fine,
But be home before nine.’
Wasn’t her mum a big nark?

At Armidale College the dean
Built a very nice wanking machine.
Concave and convex,
It could fit either sex,
But it was a bugger to clean.

Once a girl met a bloke in Avoca
And, because she was broke, let
him stroke 'er.

That seemed to provoke 'er
'Cos next day he woke 'er
To stroke her some more and to
poke 'er!

There was a young man from
Babinda
Who swallowed some matches and
tinder.

With a fart and a cough
An explosion went off,
And his backside was burned to a
cinder.

A well-hung young bloke from
Bajool

When asked 'bout the length of his
tool

Said, matter-of-factly,
'Twelve inches exactly
But I don't use it much, as a rule.'

A young woman from Ballarat
Offered to do 'this and that'.

When speaking of 'this'
She meant more than a kiss,
So imagine her meaning of 'that'!

A randy young man from Balmoral
Went out with a sheila named

Coral.

What they did on that night
Was really not right,
Some would say downright
immoral.

There was an old fellow from
Bardon
Whose organ had long ceased to
harden.

A Viagra injection
Gave him an erection
So hard he could dig in the garden.

A Battery Hill bird, softly spoken,
Claimed that her cherry was broken

From riding alone
Over rough cobblestone,
But it really was broken from
pokin'.

A pox doctor's nurse from Bellata
Can't keep a boyfriend, they scatter.
She says, 'It's no joke,
I can't get a poke,
Though I know all the fellows that
matter.'

In the gold rush a lady named Flo
Struck gold down at old Bendigo.
When she sold cups of tea,
With her favours quite free,

She soon had a fortune to show.

There was a strict father from
Bentley
Who watched over his daughter
intently,

But she dodged the old codger
And rogered the lodger
And 'twas not the first time,
incidentally.

An abstemious lady from Berri
Until recently still had her cherry.
But 'twas lost by a chance
Unforeseen circumstance
One night when she got a bit merry.

A young bloke from near Biloela
Was asked out by a real tactile
sheila,

But he had not a clue
What she wanted to do,
And in fact failed to fondle or feel
her!

There was a young postman, a
trainee,
Who made love to a spinster in
Blainey.

When the postmaster said,
‘Why’d you take her to bed?’
He replied, ‘Well it *was* cold and
rainy!’

A masochist from Boorooloola
Was loaded with plenty of moolah.
He said, 'I'll spoil a wife
Who'll despise me for life,
And whip me, and things even
crueller!'

Two fellas from Bourke once came
back
From Kings Cross, and went to the
quack.
 'Well, you haven't scored ten,'
 Said the doc to these men,
'But the next card that comes in the
pack.'

A Bourke bloke caught his tool in
some gears
So they grafted on skin from his
ears.

Now he hears through his
dick,
Which makes him feel sick,
The sound of sex drives him to
tears!

There once was a fellow from
Bowen
Whose penis kept growin' and
growin'.

It grew so tremendous,
Heavy and pendulous
'Twas no good for rooting, just

showing.

Bill from Bowral was worried,
know why?

His cock froze like a rock last July.

His fiancée said, ‘Billy,
Your willy’s so chilly
That I’m breaking it off, so
goodbye.’

A Boyup Brook boy woke one morn
With a nut on the end of his horn.

As he went to unscrew it
He thought, ‘Should I do it?’
But he did, now his balls are both
gorn!

There once was a lady from
Branditt,
Whenever she farted she canned it,
And then she would sell it
As 'People Repellent'
Till Victoria's government banned
it.

A lovely young lady from Breeza
Was widely renowned as a teaser.
If you made an advance
She'd take off her pants
But she'd only allow you to
squeeze 'er.

There once was a fellow from

Brighton

Who said to a girl, 'You're a tight
'un!'

She said, 'Bless my soul,
You're in the wrong hole!
And there's plenty of room in the
right 'un!'

A fellow from Brighton-Le-Sands
On his member made heavy
demands.

He abused his poor member
From New Year to December.
Hair grew on the palms of his
hands.

A young girl from near Broken Hill
Found herself violently ill
One day just at dawn,
And again the next morn.
It seems she'd forgotten her pill.

A gay guy while living in Broome
Took a lesbian up to his room,
And they argued a lot
About who would do what
And how and with which and to
whom.

A sheila from old Bulahdelah.
Met a bloke who at once tried to
feel 'er.

He thought them alone
When he pulled out his bone
Till she said, 'Meet my friendly
rottweiler.'

There once was a man from
Bulleen
Who invented a wanking machine.
It did a good job
On a pussy or knob
And wanked itself off in between.

A fellow from Carrick named
Carter
Is Tasmania's champion farter.
On the strength of one bean

He farts ‘God Save the Queen’
And Beethoven’s ‘Moonlight
Sonata’.

A young typist from Castlemaine
Cannot type, so she cannot
complain.

And she can’t take dictation.
The correct explanation?
Got the job for her boobs, not her
brain.

A gullible gal from Ceduna
Went for a cruise on a schooner.
The crafty old skipper
Managed to slip her

A length or two under her doona.

A shy little girlie from Clare
Prefers indoors to in the fresh air.

She says, 'I'm at ease,
My bum doesn't freeze,
And passers-by don't stop and
stare!'

A wicked young girl from Collector
Was sternly rebuked by the rector.

But she just kept sinning
And grinning and grinning,
The rector could never deflect 'er.

An immoral lassie from Collie,

Although she knew it was folly,
Went down to Nannup
And had a young man up,
All the way up too, by golly!

A happy young hooker from Collie
Made all local fellows feel jolly.
All could afford 'er
And they all adored 'er,
'Cos the price that she charged was
one lolly.

An optometrist from Concord West
Said, 'I found out by personal test
That men who make passes
At girls who wear glasses

Get just as good sex as the rest!’

I once drove with a bimbo from
Coolah

And gee it was easy to fool ’er.

I said, ‘Play with this here
stick,

It’s only the gearstick,’

And she did, all the way to
Dimboola.

A lecherous bloke from Coonamble
Liked to take local girls for a
ramble

And, if they agreed,
He did ’em with speed

And without any hint of preamble.

A poor virgin from Coromandel
Is no longer pure, it's a scandal.

For she was deflowered
When she bent, as she
showered,
By an overly large hot tap handle.

An unfortunate fellow from
Crawley
Has a secret that troubles him
sorely.

When he lowers his pants
You can see at a glance
That nature has treated him poorly.

A buxom young lass from Cringila
Was tied by her tits to a pillar
Down in the cellar
By her latest feller
Who knew BDSM would thrill 'er.

There was a rich fellow from
Croydon
Whose maid was a cute little
hoyden.

She'd sit on his knees
While shelling the peas
Or pleasanter duties employed on!

A young plumber from Crystal
Creek

Was called in by a girl with a leak.
She looked so becoming
He fixed *all* her plumbing,
And didn't emerge for a week.

Said a young Darwin lady, quite
rude,
The first time she saw a man nude,
‘I'm glad I'm the sex
That's concave not convex!
I don't fancy things that protrude.’

A contortionist girl from Dysart,
Tied knots in her body, each part.
Her boyfriend said, ‘Dear!
When you say, “Hold me

near,”

I’m not sure just where I should
start!’

At Echuca the paddleboat queen
Sings songs that are ever so clean,
But at night, with the crew,
She sings quite a few
That some would consider obscene.

A real estate agent from Esk
Often chased office girls round his
desk

Till one girl said, ‘Please,
Don’t act like a sleaze,
Your behaviour’s quite sad and

grotesque.'

When I danced with the lady from
Esperance

She got so excited she messed her
pants.

She said, 'Aren't you
delighted

I got so excited?'

I said, 'Listen, lady, it's just a
dance!'

There's a fat girl from Fadden,
called Flo,

Who has to be done really slow.

If you do her too fast

Some wind will be passed
And she'll blow off before you can
blow.

I'd a fine feathered finch from
Finch Hatton.

I gave him a perch that he sat on.

I had him for ages,

He outgrew several cages

Into which I'd put paper he shat on.

Some very fine folk live in Finke,
But one Finke feller's morals sure
stink.

Dick Mink is his name

And he achieved fame

As that stinky fink Dick Mink from
Finke.

There's a girl from Fitzroy whose
frigidity
Will approach cataleptic rigidity
Till you give her a drink,
Then she'll quietly sink
To a state of complaisant liquidity.

A certain young lady from Forde
Is a sort of society fraud.
In the parlour I'm told
She's distant and cold,
But on the verandah ... my Gawd!

There was a young lass from
Fremantle
Who found herself somewhat
pregnantle.

She had no more dates
For, in scaring off mates,
If anything will, an infantle.

An innocent girl from Geelong
Never did anything wrong
Till she sat on the knee
Of a bloke from Torquay.
She didn't resist very long.

A clever young man from Geelong
Possessed an extendable dong.

Said his girl, with a grin,
‘It *is* hard to get in,
But once in it can go all night long.’

A randy old bloke from Geranium
Has a plate in his skull that’s
titanium.

Seems he had a poke
With the wife of some bloke,
And the bloke broke the old joker’s
cranium.

An old maid from near
Gidgegannup
Had never once in her life had a
man up

And she planned to stay
Like that, tho' some say
The milkman once buggered her
plan up!

There was a young girl from
Girgarre
Whose doctor said, 'You'd better
marry.'

She said, 'Who do I choose?
Doc, give me the news,
The DNA, is it Tom, Dick or
Harry?'

There's a witty girl from
Girraween,

At reciting she's ever so keen.

When she does 'Piddling Pete'

All the dogs in the street
Raise their legs in salute to a
queen.

There's a restaurant I've heard of in
Girvan

Where all the young waitresses
serving

Are utterly nude.

Women go there for food,
But most blokes just go there for
pervin'.

There once was a gal from Glen

Innes

Who loved drinking brandy and
Guinness.

And she later got plenty,
Joined the navy at twenty
And looked after the admiral's
pinnacle.

Len and Aggie who live in
Glenmaggie
Have big bums and hair that's all
scraggy.

His belly will sag
And her boobs will drag,
But they're happy, although they're
real daggy.

A mum caught her daughter in
Gnarput

And said, 'Just get out of that car,
Gert!

Thank Bert for the ride
And then get inside,
And you stay in the car where you
are, Bert!'

A girl from Queensland's granite
belt

Said, 'By blokes I've never been
felt.

No problem, 'cos candles
Never cause any scandals,
And only go soft when they melt.'

Said an old girl from Greta, ‘Look,
honey,
I know I look wrinkled and funny,
But I’m still keen,’ she said,
‘So take me to bed,
And I’ll give you a run for your
money!’

A farmer from Gulargambone
Had a prostitute over the phone.
Tho’ he thought she’d be
cheap,
And better than sheep,
Paying Telstra required a loan.

A girl from Gymea got a shock

When her paramour showed her his
cock.

She said, 'Either you're queer
Or you drank too much beer
'Cos the big hand is at six o'clock!'

Said a harlot from Hackett, 'Look,
honey,
I don't think your rude jokes are
funny!

And I will not,' she said,
'Have such filth in my bed!
So please leave, and take back your
money!'

There's a harlot from Hay with

amnesia

Who'll do anything just to please
ya.

And there's no need to pay
When you've had it away,
She forgets the next time that she
sees ya.

A poor chicken farmer from Hay
Found that his hens wouldn't lay
As well as they used ter
Because every rooster
That he bought in Sydney was gay.

The people at Humpty Doo
Like rumpity pumpity too.

And they do it, they say,
All night and all day,
Except for a grumpity few.

There was a young lady from
Ipswich
With a pair of provocative lips
Which she used for some
pouting
Once on an outing
Making some young fellers' hips
twitch.

On a trip to Kalangadoo,
I asked a maid, 'Have you been
true?'

She said, 'I fell twice,
On a cruise, it was nice,
With the captain, and then with the
crew.'

A sexy young lass from Katanning
Said, 'To hell with that family
planning!

My only plan
Is to find any man
And I don't care about over-
manning!'

A cunning young chemist from
Kelso
Had some surplus KY to sell, so

His ad said, 'Buy three
For a free date with me!'
You should have seen that KY gel
go!

A psalm-singing lass from Kerang
Loved to stand on her head while
she sang.

A confirmed anchorite
Was inflamed by the sight,
And relinquished his vows with a
bang.

There once was a fellow from
Kew,
Who often imbibed quite a few

And, when he was pissed,
He'd close his right fist
And punch everybody in view.

Said an elegant lady from Kew,
'Young man, please hurry up, do.
I'm covered with sweat,
You haven't come yet,
And it's almost a quarter past two!'

There was a young girl from
Kilkenny
Whose usual charge was a penny
But for half of that sum
You could fondle her bum,
A source of great pleasure to many.

There is a young girl in Kilkenny,
Who is worried by lovers so many
That the saucy young elf
Means to raffle herself!
The tickets are two for a penny.

Ricky, who lives at Kimbriki,
Is a brickie, a bit of a thickie.
He found giving a quickie
To his girlfriend, Vickie,
So tricky he needed a sickie.

A copper from down near Koroit
Gave young thugs a kick up the
quoit.
His quite clever kick,

Adroit, hard and quick,
Was a move that he liked to exploit!

An over-sexed lad from Kwinana
Asked a girl at the local gymkhana,
‘Do you like fruit?
If you do this might suit.’
And he showed her a nice ripe
banana.

A flighty young lass from Lake
Charm
Was quite sure she could come to
no harm.
In a brief miniskirt
She'd philander and flirt

Till the wowsers cried out in
alarm.

Two married bakers in Lalla love
lovin'
And have seventeen offspring to
govern.

He cooks cakes on the run,
She bakes buns by the ton,
And she always has one in the
oven.

I said to friends at La Perouse,
'Phew, that stinks! Which one of
youse

Should be saying, "Excuse"?

I don't like to accuse,
But c'mon, whose is *that* one,
whose?'

A restless young lass from Leigh
Creek

Went to Yemen and married a sheik.

She said in a letter,

‘My lifestyle is better,

And it's only my turn once a week.’

A lady I know from Leigh Creek

Has taught her vagina to speak.

It is frequently liable

To quote from the Bible

But, when fucking, it just gives a

squeak.

A lovely lass from Liapootah,
Has a dad who's a serious shooter.

So if any suitor
Is trying to root 'er,
He should have a really fast
scooter!

An unfortunate fellow from Lorne
Often wished he had never been
born;

And he wouldn't have been
If his father had seen
That the end of the condom was
torn.

When a young lady of Louth
Returned from a trip to the south,
Her father said, ‘Nelly,
There’s more in your belly
Than ever went in by your mouth.’

There’s a Lady from Loxton who’s
willing
To do it each time for a shilling.
You can pay on the spot
For each time in the cot
Or by cheque with monthly bulk
billing.

A lady from Lyndoch called Lola
Got a man to tune her pianola.

Now she says, ‘What a tuner!
Should have had him in
sooner!’

As she pushes the twins in a
stroller.

There was a young miss from the
Mallee
Who tended with boys to be pally.
When asked by her dad
How many she’d had
She said, ‘Why, I never kept tally!’

At Manly a girl on the Corso
Displayed quite a lot of her torso.
A crowd soon collected

And no one objected,
While some were in favour of more
so.

Said a young lady from marble Bar
To a drunk in the back of a car,
‘You won’t get too far up
If that thing won’t bar up,
This party’s not come as you are!’

At Marble Bar some blokes are
nonplussed
By the heat and the flies and the
dust.

It’s too hot to lay,
Or make love in the hay,

And their working parts soon start
to rust.

A girl hitched a ride to Maree
But suddenly wanted a pee.

And wasn't she lucky?

The friendly old truckie
Said, 'Darling, just have one on
me.'

A masseur from Mascot called
Jones

Could reduce any woman to moans
By his wonderful knowledge,
Acquired in college,
Of nineteen erogenous zones.

A society lady from Melbourne
Professed to be mightily well-born,
 But her grandma, you see,
 Gave her favours quite free,
And the path to her house was quite
well-worn.

A silly young fool from Menangle
Caught both of his balls in the
mangle.

 Now they're so bloody long
 They hang down past his dong
And the bloody things get in a
tangle.

A Mildura bloke quite amazin'

At a grape-picking girl was
agazin',

He said, 'You're divine,
I wish you were mine,
And it's more than my hopes you're
araisin'.'

As a bloke drove her home to
Miranda,
Susie said, with remarkable
candour,

'Me and my sister
Share a room, mister,
So we'll do it out on the verandah.'

There was a sad man from

Montrose

Whose love-life was so full of
woes,

For he loved nothing finer
Than a good sixty-niner,
But he always got shit up his nose.

A Catholic lass from Moree
Invited the new priest to tea.

He said, 'I feel better
Without my biretta.
Now come here and sit on my
knee.'

As I sat with a girl from Moruya,
I put my hand on her knee and said,

‘Do ya?’

She replied, ‘Of course, mate!

Even on the first date!’

And I jumped up and cried,

‘Hallelujah!’

When a rural lass from Mountain
Bay

Was asked to make love in the hay,

She took off her pants

And jumped at the chance.

She was tickled to try it that way.

There was an old maid from mount
Isa

Who let the young milkman surprise

her.

Now she goes all shivery
When he makes a delivery
(And the rest of the town's none the
wiser.)

A wicked young girl from Mulwala
Had high hopes of sex with a sailor,
So she sat on the pier
With a knee near each ear
And showed 'em where they could
impale 'er.

There's a poet I know in Myponga
Who was banned from dancing the
conga

'Cos the heat of the dance
Made his trousers advance
As the conga got longer and longer.

A myopic old man from Myponga
Said, 'I wish that my eyesight was
stronger.

For then, when I fart,
I'd more quickly depart,
If my ponga should linger too
longa.'

Naughty Nanette from Nabowla
Could not find a man to control 'er.
So she cried on the shoulder
Of the bloke who paroled 'er,

And he stayed around to console
'er.

A buxom young gal from Narellan
Showed a fella the size of one
melon.

And wouldn't you know
He'd a banana to show,
Now it's not just her melon that's
swellin'.

There once was a lady from Noosa
Whose morals got looser and
looser.

She let young blokes squeeze
her

And tease her and please her
And often let older blokes goose
her.

There was a young lady from
Norwood
Who everyone thought rather
forwood.

For she strolled, I'm afraid,
All along the Parade,
And wriggled her bum like a
whorewood.

A fat feller from Oodnadatta
Was mugged and reported the
matter.

Said the cops, ‘Silly bugger,
If you’d jumped on the mugger,
He’d have come out of it very much
flatter.’

A young girl from Oodnadatta
Appears to be getting much fatter.

There’s two reasons, I fear,
The first could be beer,
But the truth, sad to say, is the
latter.

A Pakenham lady called Polly
Said to her boyfriend, ‘By golly,
That candy stick
You got me to lick?’

That didn't taste like a lolly.'

A Paddington person called
Frances

Was in love with not one, but two
dancers.

One female, one male.

And I now end this tale,
Thus avoiding bisexual nuances.

A sexy schoolteacher in Palmer
Was having it off with a farmer.

They started messin'

When she gave him a lesson
All about Sutra and Karma.

A rabbiter from Patchewollock
Took a girl in the bush for a frolic.
Laid her down near a trap
Which happened to snap
Leaving the lad with one bollock.

There once was a girl from Peak
Hill
Who said she was feeling quite ill.
Said the doctor, 'No wonder
You feel you could chunder.
You took aspirin instead of the
pill!'

At Rockhampton the council and
mayor

Have statues of bulls everywhere.
And for bulls of large size
They'll present a big prize
When they hold a huge ball, grand
affair.

An Italian mum from Rosewater
Said to her beautiful daughter,
‘It’sa important
To know when you oughtn’t!’
But the daughter? She thoughta she
oughta!

A daring young damsel from Roto
Let a man take a rather rude photo.
Why was it rude?

Well, she was nude
And it showed her whole body, *in
toto*.

A naked young tart from Rozelle
Walked the streets while ringing a
bell;

When asked why she rang it
She answered, ‘God dang it!
Can’t you see I have something to
sell?’

There was a young fellow from
Ryde
Who could fart whenever he tried.
In competition he blew

Six hundred and two,
Did a poo ... and was disqualified.

A certain prim spinster from Rye
Was indeed overwhelmingly shy.

She'd get into a state
If she saw sparrows mate
Or a palpably oversexed fly.

On her breasts, a barmaid from sale
Had tattooed the prices of ale,
And on her behind,
For the sake of the blind,
She had the same message in
braille.

A lively lass from Sandy Hollow
Gave oral but nothing to follow.

Men came from afar
And each brought a jar
‘Because,’ she explained, ‘I don’t
swallow.’

There was a young lady from Scone
Who went to the dentist alone.

In a fit of depravity,
He filled the wrong cavity.
She’s nursing the filling at home.

A shapely young miss from Sea
Lake
Was once nipped on the chest by a

snake.

A passing young blade
Kindly rendered first aid
But that ligature was a mistake.

A sheila from Sheffield called
Coral
Had habits that weren't very moral.
She thought it no crime
To take three at a time,
One fore, one aft, and one oral.

A Shute Harbour sheila, May
Haywood,
Was usually frisky and wayward.
While most sheilas don't,

Or say that they won't ...
The Shute Harbour fellows knew
May would!

A rather odd bloke from Sofala
Shared his house with a mother
koala.

He said, 'While she's sleeping
I do the housekeeping,
And clean the green poo from the
parlour.'

There was a young lass of South
Yarra
Whose mouth was exceedingly
narra.

She could handle cucumbers
In moderate numbers
But couldn't quite manage a marra.

A girl from the Sunshine Coast
Had it off in the dark with a ghost.
At the height of orgasm,
The pale ectoplasm
Said, 'Ooooh, I can feel it ...
almost.'

A bloke from the Sunshine Coast
Had confessions more wicked than
most.

When the priest asked, 'My
son,

How many times was it
done?’

He said, ‘Father, I’m not here to
boast.’

A childless young wife from Swan
Hill

Once tried out the fertility pill.

Though her husband, they say,
Took three dozen a day,
The ensuing effects were just nil.

In Sydney a gay guy named Billy
Was confused by the movie *Free
Willy*.

He thought he was choosin’

A film about cruisin'!
He was so misinformed it was
silly.

There once was a harlot from
Sydney
Who could take it right up to her
kidney.

Then a bloke from down south
Got it up to her mouth.
He got his money's worth, didn't
he?

or

A happy young harlot from Sydney

Could take it right up to her kidney.
But a bloke from Quebec
Got it up to her neck!
He had a long 'un now, didn't he?

A fair maid from near Tailem Bend
Thought she'd hold out to the end,
But half of the way,
From Deni to Hay,
She did what she didn't intend.

In Tamworth there lived an old
miss
Who'd never been given a kiss.
She drank port for her heart
Till it caused her to fart,

And she said, ‘Better stay off the
piss!’

A young lad who grew up in Tansey
Wore clothes that were always
quite fancy.

He favoured pink blouses
And lavender trousers,
We think that he might be a pansy.

There was a poor bloke from Taree
Who was stung on the balls by a
bee,

But made lots of money
By oozing pure honey
Every time he attempted to pee.

An angry bull ant at Taripta
Crawled on an old maid and nipped
her.

She said, 'I've been bit,
On a place where I sit!'
And a strange sort of feeling then
gripped her.

The loosest lass in Wagga Wagga
Sometimes lets a young logger snog
'er.

Which really annoys
The rest of the boys
Who don't think the logger should
hog 'er.

Said a gal to a guy from Warringah,
‘C’mon, I’m keen, so don’t linger!’

But when he said, ‘I’m
inside!’

She sadly replied,
‘Oh ... you mean that it isn’t your
finger?’

When a dull lad from near
Warrnambool

Discovered a ring ’round his tool,

He went to the clinic

Where the doctor, a cynic,

Said, ‘Wipe off the lipstick, you
fool!’

A keeper at Western Plains Zoo
Seemed to have nothing better to do
Than to stroke the giraffe,
Unbeknownst to the staff,
And secretly fondle the gnu.

A young bloke from West Wyalong
Complained to his doc loud and
long,
‘Love leaves me a wreck,
It’s a pain in the neck!’
Said the doctor, ‘You’re doing it
wrong!’

A lady from Windsor called Phyllis
Was attacked in the rear by

bacillus.

When her bottom was bared
The doctor declared,
'It's a case of *anus hombilis*'

A fellow from Winkie, quite kinky,
Had a willy the size of his pinkie.

So he changed his name
And achieved local fame
As Kinky Pinkie and his Wee
Willie Winkie.

There was an old maid of Wodonga
Whose urges grew steadily
stronger.

Till at eighty she had one

And it wasn't a bad one
Tho' she said that she wished it
was longer.

There was a young girl from the
'Gong
Who considered that petting was
wrong.

She told boyfriend Bill,
'I'm not on the pill,
We'd better keep walking along.'

A harlot from Woolloomooloo
Assures me that this tale is true.

An abnormal sailor
Could doubly impale her

Because in his pants he had two.

A Woolloomooloo wharfie named
Wyatt

Kept two big whores on the quiet,
And, down by the wharves,
Kept two whores who were
dwarves,
In case he should go on a diet.

A randy bloke from Woolloongabba
Saw his girlfriend and wanted to
grab 'er.

His intentions were heinous
Involving his penis
With which he intended to stab her!

There was a young lady from Yass
Who had the most beautiful ass.

Not rounded and pink
As you'd probably think
But four legs and long ears and ate
grass.

Mr Yorkey, whose first name was
Bob,
Said, 'I've just refused a new job,
For I just couldn't stand
To live in Queensland,
In a town that is called Yorkey's
Knob!'

There was an old farmer from

Young

Who was quite remarkably hung.

When cleaning the stable,

His member was able

To serve as a fork for the dung.



THE REALLY
FILTHY SECTION





VARIOUS SEXUAL PRACTICES



These ones are dirty
and rude,
And sometimes
incredibly crude.
So, if you're uptight,
Be advised that you

might
Be offended, if you are
a prude.

Well, let's face it: if you were a real prude, you would never have purchased this book.

On the other hand, if you are having a sneaky look at this book while staying overnight at a friend's house, having discovered it tucked behind some other reference books in the spare room or study where you are encamped, buy a copy of your own, you cheapskate!

The topics here are invariably

sexual practices and perversions, and most of them are objectionable in one way or another, politically incorrect and often misogynistic.

While I think there is more humour to be gained from the unsaid than the said, I have seen intelligent, decent, thoughtful, well-mannered people collapse into uncontrolled laughter at these limericks. Perhaps it's a nervous reaction to disgusting ideas nonchalantly stated.

Personally, I find this limerick much funnier than any which follow:

There was a young girl from
Dundee

Went down to the river to swim.
A man on a punt
Stuck an oar in her eye
And now she wears glasses to see!

But, as the mere compiler, I submit for your judgment the following barely excusable limericks. If you start laughing you have only yourself to blame. I was only following orders.

A large part of this type of verse
About practices lewd and perverse
Is quite scatological,
Gynaecological
Bullshit, and some is much worse.



MASTURBATION AND LEWD BEHAVIOUR

They told him that screwing was
grand
And so a first screwing was
planned.

But, after the trial,
He said, with a smile,
‘I get the same feeling by hand.’

There once was a young teenage
dork
Always pounding away at his pork.

When a girl let him do it,
Within seconds he blew it,
And the next thing that came was
the stork!

A squeamish young fellow named
Bland
Adored caressing his gland,
Though he viewed with
distaste
The gelatinous paste
It left in the palm of his hand.

There once was a randy old queen
Who invented a wanking machine.
On the ninety-ninth stroke

The bloody thing broke,
And whipped both his balls to
cream.

There once was a cowboy called
Fred,
His wife wouldn't give any head,
So he jumped on his horse
To go get a divorce,
Then jumped off and jacked off
instead.

The girls in the bistro allege
The randy new waiter called Reg
When asked to display
The dish of the day

Showed them his meat and two veg.

An agreeable girl called Miss
Doves

Likes to masturbate fellows she
loves.

She will use a bare fist
If the fellows insist
But she really prefers to wear
gloves.

The erotic cinematorium
Is more than a porno emporium.
It's an incontestable,
Heterosexual,
Mutual masturbatorium.

Whenever I've nothing to do
I start jerkin' my gherkin — don't
you?

 You're mad if you don't
 If you do then you won't
Have any desire to screw!

Twice weekly a fellow named
Frank

Visits the local sperm bank.

 Frank thinks it's grand
 To use his right hand
And be paid for just having a wank.

A miserly bloke called McEwan
Often asked, 'Why bother with

screwin'?

It's safer and cleaner
To polish your weiner,
And besides, you can see what
you're doin'.'

There was a young fellow called
Merkin
Whose mum caught him jerkin' his
gherkin.

His mother said, 'Merkin,
Stop jerking your gherkin!
Your gherkin's for ferkin' not
jerkin'.'

Said a prim masturbator named

Hess,

‘It causes me so much distress
That I avoid the last spasm
Of completed orgasm,
I simply can’t stand all that mess.’

A rubber girlfriend, air-inflatable,
Is perennially young and insatiable.
Satisfied clients,
From midgets to giants,
Find her compliant and mateable.

No wonder our French mistress
hates
That odious student called Bates.
He just has to catch

A whiff of her snatch
And young Master Bates
masturbates.

A precocious pervert is our Danny,
He's fallen in love with his nanny
And keeps in his pocket
A little gold locket
Containing some hairs from her
fanny.

A virgin with hymen intactus
Before marriage decided to
practise.

She fingered and stroked
And prodded and poked,

Till her hymen intactus was cactus!

Jill stitched up a dildo of leather,
To the end she attached a nice
feather.

When she poked it inside her
She flew like a glider
And gave up her boyfriend forever.

There once was a man from Peru
Who fell asleep in a canoe.

He dreamed that Venus
Had played with his penis,
And woke up with a handful of goo.

A lady of dubious style

Liked to leave all her clothes in a
pile

Then, mainly to please,
She'd get down on her knees
And show you her vertical smile.

A girl with magnificent tits
When dancing would wiggle her
hips.

A wonderful flirt,
She'd lift up her skirt
And exhibit her sensuous lips.

There once was a girl from
Kentucky
Who considered herself very lucky.

She'd unzipped the flies
Of hundreds of guys
And never found one that was
yucky!

There was a young girl from Japan
Who loved dressing up as a man.
When she wore her pants tight
And they rubbed her just right
When she walked something inside
them ran!

An onanistic oxford BA
Pulled his pudding and pondered
all day
Just how it would be

If a c-u-n-t
Was divided by c-o-c-k.

I once had an roommate, Pierre,
Who fell asleep in my favourite
chair.

So I pulled out my unit,
Proceeded to tune it,
And fired a load in his hair.

There once was a young man from
Ealing
Who pounded his pud with great
feeling.

Then, like a trout,
He'd stick his mouth out,

And wait for the drops from the
ceiling.

There was a young man from
Darjeeling
Whose penis reached up to the
ceiling.

 In the light socket
 He'd stick it then rock it.
Oh Lord, what a wonderful feeling!

A horny Laplander one day
Tried to jerk off in a sleigh.
 The air was so frigid
 It froze his balls rigid
And all he produced was frappé.

A libidinous old merchant banker
Has rash, itch, pox and a chancre,
And he got all four
From a dirty old whore
So now he is just an old wanker.

Said a ticklish lady named Lucy,
‘I’m not only ticklish, I’m goosey.
A thumb in my bum
Makes me pee when I cum
And after I do I’m real juicy.’



PROSTITUTION

‘I wouldn’t be bothered with
drawers,’

Says one of our better-known
whawers;

‘There isn’t much doubt
I do better without
In handling my everyday chawers.’

A naughty old colonel of Butte
Had a habit his friends thought was
cutte.

He’d slip off to Spokane
And proceed from the train
To a house of distinct ill repute.

There once was a harlot of Glamis

Who would undress without any
quamis.

 If you paid her enough
 She'd strip to the buff,
And let you enjoy all her chamis.

There once was a lady named Lilly
With a craving to walk Piccadilly.

 Said she, 'Ain't it funny,
 It's not for the money,
But, if I don't take it, it's silly!'

When a pimp to his harlot once
cried,

 'You're not making enough,' she
replied,

‘What do you expect o’ me!
Since my appendectomy
You know I just work on the side!’

Said a charming young lady of
Padua,
‘Ten lira! By Gad, what a cadua!’
He, lifting his hat,
Said, ‘It wasn’t worth that!
Have you any idea just how
badua?’

‘For widower wanted:
housekeeper.
Not too refined, a light sleeper.
When employer’s inclined

Must be game for a grind.
Pay generous, mind, but can't keep
her.'

Local whores may not make their
debut

But they perform social functions,
it's true.

They give most of the gentry
Their very first entry,
They're the first entry most gentry
do.

An ageing old lecher from Cardigan
Knew he would never get hard
again.

What's more the girls know
'Bout his problem, and so
From all local brothels he's barred
again.

There was a young whore of
Baroda
Who built an erotic pagoda.
The walls of the halls
Were festooned with the balls
And the tools of the fools who
bestrode her.

There was a young harlot from
Kew
Who filled her vagina with glue

And said with a grin,
‘If they pay to get in,
They can pay to get out of it, too.’

A whore who I once used to see
Said,
‘I’ll do anything for a fee.’
So I said, ‘Can I pee?’
And she said, ‘Feel free,
Pay the fee and then have one on
me.’

There once was a virgin named
Charlotte,
An aspiring Hollywood starlet,
Who screwed a producer

Who tried to seduce her,
Now she makes extra cash as a
harlot.

Said a porter once at the Ritz,
‘Friday nights thrill me to bits,
 Blokes come here with
 hookers,
 All pretty good lookers,
To check in while I check out their
tits!’

There once was a man from Dakota
Would not pay a whore what he
owed her.

So she stopped giving head,

Jumped right out of bed,
And pissed in his whisky and soda.

My sister's an organised whore,
Her price list is up on the door.

It's a dollar to view her,
For two you can screw her,
And for four she gets down on the
floor.

Sis tried the promotional caper.
So local trade wouldn't escape her

You got it half-price
If you bought her twice
And brought in her ad from the
paper.

At a brothel a man from Madrid
Bought fifty fucks for fifty quid.

When they asked, ‘Aren’t you
faint?’

He said, ‘No, I ain’t.
But I don’t feel as well as I did.’

There once was a lady from Reno
Who lost all her bucks playing
Keno,

So she lay on her back
And opened her crack,
And now she owns half the casino.

A tired young hooker in Rome
Was fixing her hair with a comb

When eight men wanted
screwing,
But she said, 'Nothing doing,
One of you has to go home.'

A hooker of note named Miss Flux
Always charges at least ninety
bucks.

But for that she would suck
you,
Jerk you and fuck you.
The whole thing was simply
deluxe.

A part-time harlot called Gwen
Used to peddle her arse now and

then.

She was getting a crown
Till her value went down
Now she's just twenty pence,
sometimes ten.

We once shared a whore who'd
ignore us
While rubbing her throbbing
clitoris.

Although she put out
There was never a doubt,
When we came she'd been there
before us!

Said a whore to a lecherous geezer,

‘Look here, if it’s too loose ta
please ya,

 You’re welcome to cum
 In my smelly old bum,
Just watch that me tapeworm don’t
seize ya.’

There was a young whore from
Kilkenny,
You could do her twice for a penny
 Or, for half of that sum,
 You could bugger her bum,
An economy practised by many.

There once was a harlot called Kim
Who had a remarkable quim.

It wasn't the size
That attracted the flies,
But the crystallised cum round the
rim.



ORAL

The French master said to young
Pam,
'For this subject you don't give a
damn!'

But she undid his flies
With a gleam in her eyes
And soon passed her Oral Exam.

For a pretty young actress to start
Her career took some 'oral art'.

Success was her goal,
She wanted the role,
So she sank her teeth into the part!

There once were three girls from
Manila
Who lived with a bloke in a villa.
And they all gave him head
When they got into bed,
'Cos he soaked it all day in vanilla.

There was a young wife from
Vancouver
Who could use her mouth just like a

Hoover

But her husband, she said,
Was no fun in bed,
'Cos he just didn't like that
manoeuvre.

A luscious psychotic named Jane
Once sucked every man on a train.
She said, 'Please don't panic,
I'm just nymphomaniac,
This wouldn't be fun were I sane.'

A horny young sailor named Fred
Once took a mermaid to bed.
He said, being blunt,
'I can't find your cunt,

Can't you just blow me, instead?'

A gal who was big on hygiene,
Found sucking a penis obscene.

She'd never fellate
The men that she'd date
And only ate pasteurised cream.

Old Louis Quatorze was 'Hot
Sterf'.

While playing that game
'Blindman's Blerf'

He upended his mistress,
Kissed hers as she kissed his
And so gave the world 'soixante-
neuf'.

Morals have changed in our nation.
Now it's proper on every occasion,
 If the woman feels able,
 Then under the table
Is a suitable place for fellation.

There once was a girl from
Vancouver
Whose mouth had the strength of a
Hoover.

 When she turned it on high
 A week would pass by
Before anyone could remove her.

A girl from an island remote
Met a Frenchman who lived on a

boat.

She was soon in his bunk
With a mouth full of spunk
And a bloody big frog in her throat!

There once was a whore on the
docks,
From dusk until dawn she sucked
cocks.

Till one day, it's said,
She gave so much head,
She exploded and whitewashed
two blocks.

There once was a woman from
Arden

Sucking a man in a garden.

He said, 'If I blow,

Where does it go?'

And she said, 'Mmmng, beg your
pardon?'

There was a young fellow called
Taylor

Who was found fellating a sailor.

When they put him in gaol

He worked out his bail

By sucking the cock of his gaoler.



ANAL

A lady quite lacking in class
Liked to shove things up her arse.
If you studied her crap
You could find lots of scrap
Like ornaments made out of brass.

There was a young lady, quite
bright,
Couldn't screw 'cos her twat was
too tight.

She discovered a loophole
By using her poophole,
Now she does it all day and night.

There was an effeminate Ottoman
Whom ladies suspected was not a

man.

He evaded the charm
Of feminine arms.

‘Frankly,’ he said, ‘I’m a bottom
man!’

A cabin boy once, out at sea,
Complained that it hurt him to pee.
Said the burly first mate,
‘That accounts for the fate
Of the cook and the captain and
me.’

A private schoolboy named Glass
Was had by the lads in his class.
He said, with a yawn,

‘When the novelty’s gone,
It’s only a pain in the arse.’

We really should treat with more
gravity

The numerous acts of depravity
By those two old queers
Who’ve been at it for years,
Ben Doon and Phillip McCavity.

A convict once out in Australia
Said to a soldier, ‘I’ll tail yer.’

Said the soldier, ‘Be
buggered,
You filthy old sluggard!
You’ve forgotten that I am your

gaoler.’

A lucky gay fellow from Jumbuk
Moved to Sydney and had lots of
dumb luck.

He won Lotto twice
And, against all advice,
Let his friend, who was nice, have
a bumfuck!

A certain old sheik of Algiers
Said to his harem, ‘My dears,
Tho’ you may think it odd of
me
I’m tired of sodomy.
Put it somewhere that isn’t your

rears.’

A good tip for jaded old souls
Is changing the usual roles.

 The backward position
 Is nice for coition
And offers a choice of two holes.

Said a sodomite lad, ‘Once again
I see that my cock has a stain,
 But now I bend down
 I can see that it’s brown,
So I’ll let it wash off in the rain.’

There was an old maid from Cape
Cod

Who dreamed she was buggered by
God.

It wasn't Jehovah
That rolled the girl over,
Was Roger the lodger, the dirty old
codger (the bugger, the bastard, the
sod!).



PERVERSIONS

A remarkable race are the Persians,
They have such peculiar
diversions.

They make love all day
In the regular way,

And save up the nights for
perversions.

A young German stripper named
Sheba

For a pet has a little amoeba.

 This green blob of jelly

 Just lies on her belly,

And soulfully murmurs, '*Ich liebe*'

Two elderly ladies from Fordham

Went for a stroll, out of boredom.

 On the way back

 A sex maniac

Jumped out of a bush and ignored
'em.

There was a young maiden named
Rose

With erogenous zones in her toes.

She remained onanistic

Till a foot-fetishistic

Young man became one of her
beaux.

A young hippie lassie named Lynn
Can't wait for the first week of
spring.

She performs pagan rites

In open crotch tights

And a daffodil stuck in her thing.

A general, perverted and rotten,

And wearing a G-string of cotton,
Would watch while nude ranks
Opened right and left flanks
And privates were mostly
forgotten.

My girlfriend has captured my heart
But her bed manners aren't very
smart.

Each time that I cum
She arches her bum
And lets out a bloody great fart!

Said a girl, 'This may sound idiotic
But I find sex in cars most exotic.
I've always adored

Making love in a Ford
For I'm really quite auto-erotic!'

A dirty old fellow called Mark
Used to wander about after dark
Getting his kicks
Doing perverted tricks
To the nude statuettes in the park.

A dominant lady named Gail
Likes to beat on her slaves with a
flail
Crying, 'Be lookin' cute
While you're lickin' my boot!
Then continue on, up to my tail.'

An onanist named Henry Pickett
Strokes himself while playing
cricket.

He never fails
To squirt on the bails,
With Pickett it's sticky, that wicket.

A pervert who hated compliance
Fucked his own arse in defiance
Of behaviour that's normal,
Morality formal
And most of the known laws of
science.

A perverted man from Calcutta
Often covers his doodle with butter

And lovingly screws
A bag of cashews.
The guy is a real fucking nutter!

A widow whose singular vice
Was to keep her late husband on ice
Said, 'It's been hard since I
lost him,
So I'll never defrost him!
Cold comfort, but cheap at the
price.'

'I know you're my bride,' said poor
Terence,
'But I hope you will show some
forbearance.'

My sexual habits
Were picked up from rabbits,
And occasionally watching my
parents.'

A lazy young pervert called Scott
Took a horny girl onto his yacht.
Too lazy to rape her
He made planes out of paper
And flew them towards her bare
twat.

A fellow with passion quite gingery
Tore a hole in his sister's pink
lingerie.
Then spanked her behind

And made up his mind
To add incest to insult and injury.

At a séance a fellow called Post
Was being sucked off by a ghost.

Then on came the lights
And there, in pink tights,
On his knees was old Basil, the
host!

Said an old married couple, 'Let's
swap!'

So they did and the wife got on top.

She bounced for an hour
Till she ran out of power,
And the kids, who'd grown bored,

made them stop.

‘‘Tis my custom,’ said dear Lady
Norris,
‘To beg lifts from the drivers of
lorries.

When they get out to piss
I see things that I miss
At the wheel of my two-seater
Morris.’

A gay guy who loathed
masturbating
Met a couple who loved anal-
mating.

As the husband was bi

They decided to try
What they aptly called 'double-
dating'.

There was a respectable mister
Who noticed an odd sort of blister
Where no blister should be,
Which was dreadful 'cos he
Had got it at home, from his sister.

A pervert I know name of Scotty
Has habits unusually grotty.
In five minutes flat
He buggered my cat
And tossed himself off in my potty.

There was once a man from
Bombay
Who made a vagina from clay.
But the heat of his prick
Turned the clay into brick,
And it wore all his foreskin away.

A dirty old bugger called Dave
Kept a dead whore in a cave.
He said, 'I admit
I'm a bit of a shit,
But look at the money I save.'

or

There was an old man from

Belgrave

Who found a dead whore in a cave.

He said, 'How disgusting,

But it only needs dusting,

And think of the money I'll save.'

or

There once was an old guy named

Dave

Who kept a dead whore in his cave.

He said, 'There's no class

In screwing dead arse,

But look at the money you save.'

or even

There was a young miser called
Dave

Who kept a dead whore in a cave.

He said, ‘I agree
That it’s nasty of me,
But look at the money I save.’

‘Not my fault, your honour!’ said
Sid.

‘I just did as my two nieces bid.
I tucked them in bed,
Asked, “What’s to be read?”
“*Uncle Remus*,” they said, so I
did!’

I’ll tell you a bit about Jim’s

Unusual sexual whims,
Many of which
Involve pneumatic tits
And synthetic inflatable quims.

Big Brother Blucher of Brest
Insistently sinned by incest.
He buggered his brother,
And mounted his mother,
But insisted his sister was best.

On Tuesday I called up my mother
And said to her, 'Mum, there's
another,
She gives good head too,
And she's younger than you,

You'll have to make do with my
brother.'

'*Ménage à trois*, girls?' asked
Marcus,
As he stripped off and showed them
his carcus.

Said one to the other,
'Looks like little brother.
I think he's too puny to farcus.'

I asked a transvestite to tea
And, as we were discussing her
fee,

She gave me a shock,
When she pulled out her cock,

And announced she would do me
for free.

A sporty old pervert named Brock
Loves to play golf with his cock.

Its size horrifies

Most other guys

And girls shit their pants from the
shock.

There was a strange girl from
Blackheath

Who circumcised men with her
teeth.

It's all very funny

'Cos it wasn't for money

But to get at the cheese underneath!

There once was a lady named Dot
Who liked to put flies up her twat.

The buggers would buzz
Way down in her fuzz,
Till you glued their wings tight with
a shot.

Somewhere there's a vampire
called Mabel

With periods very unstable.

By the light of the moon,
With the aid of a spoon,
She'll drink herself under the table.

The dirty old baker of Tottenham
Used to bake pies and put snot in
'em.

He also used turds
And the droppings of birds,
And beat off young dogs till they
shot in 'em.

There once was a fellow from
Reims
Who always had heavy wet dreams.
He was a great wit,
He encased them in shit,
And he sold them as chocolate
creams!

There was a young man from Peru
Who lived off bird droppings and
spew.

When he couldn't get this
He ate shit and drank piss.
(And he seemed to thrive on it too!)



SHOCKING AND SHAMELESS



These limericks are ones which don't fit the previous categories and which work on the opposite premise to the 'impolite' ones in earlier chapters. Here the technique is flagrant and unnecessary overstatement rather than suggestion.

I used to assume that we found these so funny, in my rugby club days, because back then we lived in a very

repressed society, and reciting or listening to stuff like this was ‘liberating’. Unfortunately, this theory has proved to be absolute bunk. These same limericks, in a much less inhibited age, still get the same reaction.

Anyway, if you made it this far you might as well go on. If the first few offend you, stop reading — the rest are far worse.

A sultan who likes his girls buxom
At ninety still often abduxom,
And then they are led
To a sumptuous bed
In which he regretfully fuxom.

A horny hermaphrodite

Made a pass at an Aussie one night.

But the bloke, quite irate,

Said, 'Go fuck yourself,
mate!'

And the hermaphrodite said, 'All
right.'

A serial kisser named Tucker

Would approach every lass with a
pucker.

But sometimes his mouth

Went a trifle far south

And landed where others might
fuck 'er.

Sex with cute Annie Costanza
Is always a bosom bonanza.

Suck Annie's big tits
And she'll throw fifty fits,
It's always a sextravaganza.

There's a humanoid creature from
Venus
With a luminous sixteen-inch penis.
All night he hunts
For big hairy cunts ...
Oh shit! Look out, girls, now he's
seen us!

When a guy had his girl in a truck
In his ears both her nipples got

stuck.

With his thumb up her bum
He could hear himself come.
They'd invented the 'Telephone
Fuck'!

A dirty perverted old German,
Whose name, incidentally, was
Herman,

Made films of the cunnies
Of ten Playboy bunnies
All close up, with lots of fresh
sperm in.

On a date with a charming young
bird,

My erotic feelings were stirred.

So I asked, with some pluck,

‘Hey, do you fuck?’

She said, ‘Yes, but I don’t use that word!’

There was a young girl from
Uttoxeter,

So pretty that men waved their
cocks at her.

One went so far

As to wave from his car

A cock that had once had the pox at
her.

The couple jumped into the sack,

Her legs opened to wrap round his
back

But, when they looked around,
No condoms were found!
So he couldn't slip into her crack.

Said a thoughtful young stud from
Brasilia,

‘One orgasm spasm will fill ya.
So I'll just let the rest
Gush out on your chest,
If I shot it inside, it'd kill ya.’

There was a young maiden quite
lewd

Who stood in a queue in the nude.

Then a man just in front
Said, 'Pooh ... I smell cunt!'
Just like that ... right out loud ...
fucking rude!

A workaholic young girl called
Renee
Shares a house with a guy who is
gay.

She cooks the dinner,
He sticks it in 'er,
And then they just both walk away!

A naked young woman from France
Once got on the bus in a trance.
Six passengers fucked her,

Besides the conductor,
And the driver shot twice in his
pants.

There was an old fellow named
Brewster,
Who said to his wife as he goosed
her,
 ‘That used to feel grand,
 But look at my hand,
You’re not wiping as well as you
used ter!’

A travelling Indian Sioux
Wired home for two punts, one
canoe.

The answer next day
Said, ‘Girls on the way,
But what the hell is a panoe?’

There once was a villain most
feared
Who tied a lass to a train track and
leered.

But he tied her up wrongways,
Not crossways but longways,
And a forty-car train disappeared!

The dirty old bishop of Buckingham
Was thinking of tits and of
suckingham

While watching the stunts

Of the cunts in the punts
And the tricks of the pricks that
were fuckingham.

or

That famous old bishop of
Buckingham
Wrote a treatise on tits and on
suckingham
But later his work
Was eclipsed by a Turk
Whose topic was arseholes and
fuckingham.

Mrs Kelly is partial to cocks,

Mr Kelly likes scotch on the rocks
And can't get it together
When under the weather,
So she lets others into her box.

We know three farm girls from
Cuxham
And whenever we meets 'em, we
fucks 'em.
And when that grows stale
We sits on a rail
And takes out our cocks and they
sucks 'em.

There was a young pervert called
Jack

Who was licking his wife's anal
crack.

He'd developed the art
Of avoiding the fart
But was hit in the face by the flak.

Any girl who fucked Bluebeard
could tell
That he didn't like cunt all that
well.

He'd finger and fuck one
But never could suck one,
He couldn't get used to the smell.

They arrested a fellow from Fife
For fucking the corpse of his wife.

He pleaded, 'But, Judge,
She was cold, did not budge,
Just the same as she acted in life!'

My niece was a horrible kid
Who never did as she was bid.
She told Aunt Louise,
'Your cunt smells like cheese.'
And the worst of it was that it did.

Famous sleuth Ellery Queen
Had olfactory powers so keen
He could tell in a flash
By sniffing a gash
Who the previous tenant had been.

There was an old pervert from
Crewe
Who lived mostly on cunt-juice and
spew.

When he couldn't get that
He ate what he shat,
And a bloody good shit he shat,
too!

In the checkout queue at the store
A nun was advising the poor:
‘Hey, you up in front!
More than eight items, cunt!
Get in the right queue, you whore!’

Fuck me fast, fuck me deep, fuck

me oft,
In the bed, in the bath, in the loft,
Up my arse, up my cunt,
From behind, from in front,
With your stiffest erection, not soft!

There once was a man from
Nantucket
Whose dick was so long he could
suck it.

He said with a grin
While wiping his chin,
‘If my ear were a cunt I could fuck
it.’



THE GOOD SHIP VENUS

This is the most famous limerick series ever written. There are many versions, all disgusting. Here is a version as good, or as gross, as any other.

'Twas on the good ship Venus,
By Christ you should have seen us.
The figurehead
Was a nude in bed
Sucking a dead man's penis.

The captain's name was Tugger,
He was a dirty bugger.
He wasn't fit
To shovel shit

Upon a Chinese lugger.

The first mate's name was Topper,
Gawd, he had a wopper.

Twice round the deck,
Once round his neck
And up his arse for a stopper.

The second mate was Andy,
He was always randy.

They filled his arse
With molten glass
For pissing in the brandy.

The third mate's name was Carter,

He was a skilful farter.

When the wind wouldn't blow
And the ship wouldn't go
They got Carter the farter to start
'er.

The captain's wife was Mabel,
Ready, willing and able.

She gave the crew
Their daily screw
Upon the galley table.

The cabin boy was Kipper,
A horny little nipper.

He stuffed his arse
With broken glass

And circumcised the skipper.

And the ship's dog's name was
Rover,

The whole crew did him over.

They ground and ground

That faithful hound

From Port-au-Prince to Dover.

'Twas at the China station,

The day we saved the nation.

We sunk a junk

In a sea of spunk

By mutual masturbation.

CHORUS

*Friggin' in the riggin',
Wankin' on the plankin',
Incest in the crow's nest
'Cos there's fuck-all else to do.*



AFTERWORD



If you made it to the end of the collection by legitimate means you probably deserve a medal or your money back. If, on the other hand, you skipped over all the boring limericks or flipped straight through to the filthy sections, shame on you.

If you did read the whole thing from cover to cover, how many can you remember?



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This book was originally partly written on Norfolk Island in 2001, and revised and rewritten there in 2010.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Jim Haynes grew up in Sydney, attended Sydney Boys' High School and Sydney Teachers' College and subsequently taught writing, literature, history and drama in schools and universities from outback New South Wales to Britain and back again.

Jim has written and compiled

sixteen books, including several volumes of Australian rhymed verse. His long and totally undistinguished sporting career included two years of second division rugby in Sydney and many more as a B-grade squash player. His main sporting claim to fame was entertaining at after-game functions with his encyclopaedic knowledge of limericks, jokes and songs.

A professional entertainer and writer since 1988, Jim has released many albums of his own songs, verse and humour. He has had many songs in the Country Music Charts, including a number one with 'Since Cheryl Went Feral' and a national hit with 'Don't Call Wagga Wagga Wagga'.

Jim is the resident weekend
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